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## ART. I.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

*Systematic Theology.* By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by James R. Campbell, M.A. In Three Vols. Pp. 710, 784, 766. Edinburgh: Black. 1857.

OVER-ESTIMATION and undue depreciation alike tend to induce re-action. The stiff, strained, painfully overwrought pedantry of the theologians of the last century, with their arid technicalities, dreary subdivisions, and acrimonious controversies, did much to produce, in prudent and practical minds, a disgust at the very name of Systematic Theology. Many causes have fostered this feeling. Among the most powerful, probably, have been the extension and improvement of Sunday School instruction, in which the Bible has been gradually superseding all other text-books; the material, practical, stirring character of the present age, opposed to all speculation which does not appear fruitful; and the natural and flattering delusion which leads us to imagine, that because the nineteenth century is wonderfully in advance of its predecessors in certain respects, therefore we must, in all respects, be much wiser than our fathers. It seems likely that a re-action, against this undue and unwise depreciation of Systematic Theology, is already setting in. The tendency to exalt the Bible above creeds, religion above theology, truth above system, and faith above orthodoxy, has been, we verily believe, productive of a great deal of good. But it is in danger of becoming one-sided and exaggerated, and, if not checked and balanced, it may work much evil. The good gained is in the increased simplicity, variety, freedom, fervour, and practical point which charac-

terize modern preaching and school-instruction. The evil to be dreaded is in the direction of laxity, shallowness, and illogical incompleteness of thought; the encouragement of intellectual indolence, both in preachers and hearers; and the substitution of stimulus for nutrition, and excitement for growth.

The age demands, loudly and impatiently, from the public teachers of Christianity, a forcible and impressive style of speech. A preacher who cannot impress, may as well hold his tongue; for his instructions, however wise and excellent, will be as water spilt on the ground. No amount of truth will be of the slightest use, if addressed to sleeping ears. But, on the other hand, it is equally true, that if the preacher can *only* impress, not instruct, he may as well hold his tongue too; for he impresses to no purpose. Whatever the age may demand in the style of preaching, human nature, in every age, demands Divine truth as the one thing which can renew and save it. Rhetoric, fancy, dramatic power, oratorical splendour, wit, pathos, originality, pointed sarcasm, and all other forms or instruments of eloquence, will never compensate for a defective exhibition of Divine truth. That truth is not to be snatched up, at a glance, from the mere surface of Scripture. It will not reveal its harmonious symmetry, and majestic proportions, to a shallow, impatient intellect, even though allied to a fervent and sincere heart. Inasmuch as it is spiritual and moral truth, it cannot be apprehended by the intellect alone; but, inasmuch as it is truth, it cannot be apprehended without the intellect. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God:" but it is equally true that we can love God worthily, only as we know Him. And we know Him, only in proportion as we know all that He has revealed of Himself,—of His character, law, designs, and dealings,—in His word. If the Bible really contain the communication, from God himself, of this Divine knowledge, there must be in it unity and system, however concealed beneath the fragmentary and concrete form in which God has seen fit to give it to us. The concealment of Divine art is as complete in the revelation of Scripture as in that of nature. Prose, poetry, history, proverbs, parables, discourses, letters, predictions afford the ever-varying media through which successive ages made their slow and unequal contributions to the sum of inspired teaching. Truths the most distinct are found inseparably interwoven, and kindred truths widely separated; a law involving a promise, a history veiling a prediction, the casket lying in one book, and the key, a thousand years later, in another. But, to infer from this that there is no systematic unity in



Scripture doctrine, would be as unwise and unwarrantable as to conclude that there can be no system in creation, because the creatures are not distributed, either geographically or numerically, according to genera and species; but as if by chance, or, at most, for convenience and beauty;—the whale having its home among the fishes and the sea-weeds, and the humming-bird being placed, in nature's cabinet, among butterflies and blossoms. God is one. His manifestations of Himself are infinite; but He is in them all; He cannot be unlike Himself, nor can He do the least act, or produce the smallest work, but what is worthy of Himself, and bears the impress of His infinite wisdom, and is by the very fact in necessary harmony—whether our dull eyes and ears can discern it or not—with all things else in the universe. To deny that there is system in the doctrines of the Bible, is to deny (if we consider the matter closely) that the Bible is the work of God. Whether theologians have discovered, or ever can discover that system in its completeness and purity, is another question. But the very attempt is noble. Wisdom and humility alike forbid us to despise it. If the systems produced by the most profound, laborious, and devout minds that have devoted themselves to the task, are still—as possibly they are—to the real system of Scripture Theology, only as the reflection of the sun in a clouded and broken mirror, or on a wind-stirred pool; yet much of Divine light is in them; and probably there is not one of them but reflects some beams which our dim, unaided vision never would have caught. Few kinds of conceit can be more outrageous and less pardonable, than the conceit which leads a man to fancy, that an amount of intellectual effort which would not make him master of a single science or language, will enable him to despise all that other men have done in expounding and systematizing the doctrines of the Bible, and put him in possession of all that an Augustine or a Calvin, a Howe or an Owen, could learn by the intense and prayerful labour of a lifetime.

True, we do not want elaborate displays of Systematic Theology in our pulpits, in place of plain, warm-hearted explanation and enforcement of particular truths, any more than we want botanical and anatomical preparations on our dinner-tables, in place of roasted joints and well-cooked vegetables. But if the preacher be ill-acquainted with the anatomy and the botany, so to speak, of Scripture truth, he will be very likely often to spread before his hearers, with the best intentions, a very unsatisfying, indigestible, or dangerous banquet. A preacher need not take off the skin of his mind, that his hearers may see its muscles and sinews, or be always holding up the skeletons of his sermons,

that we may hear their bones rattle, and see the flesh creep over them, a limb at a time. The human frame would gain neither strength nor beauty if it could be rendered transparent, and each miraculous construction, and sinewy jointure, and sympathetic throb in the secret machinery of life, laid bare to view. But every bone and every artery are indispensable alike to its strength, and to its beauty; and a single vertebra out of place would be fatal to both. Just so; a sermon must have bone and sinews, though it need not show them. And as with a single sermon, so with the habitual course of pulpit instruction: it is likely either to be deformed and maimed, or paralytic and powerless, if it lack the compact skeleton of a comprehensive orderly conception of the unity of Bible truth, and the nerves and muscles of logical, systematical, strenuous thought.

That there are great dangers attending the study of Systematic Theology, we are not careful to deny. There is the intellectual danger of narrowing Divine truth to fit it to stereotyped formulæ of human invention, and putting "the tradition of the elders" on a level with "the word of God." There is the moral and spiritual danger of losing the facts in the doctrines, putting logic for faith, and coming to regard the revelation of God as rather a field for intellectual skill and prowess than a temple for worship, a home for holy affections, a magazine of implements and weapons for noble strife and perpetual usefulness. These dangers are real and great; but they are to be met, not by neglecting the systematic study of Divine truth, but by taking care never to rest on religious knowledge as an end, but incessantly to bring it practically to bear on the heart and life,—first, our own, then those of others. The study of Systematic Theology has too often lost itself in barren logomachies; and subtle, hair-splitting refinements of speculation, such as, decide them whichever way you please, can make no man's heart better, or life more useful. But the fault lay, not in systematizing, but in systematizing on wrong principles. Theology is neither a science of deduction, nor a science of mere classification. Strictly speaking, it is not a Science at all; it is a Study. Science, strictly speaking, is of universals, as the Schoolmen expressed it, not of particulars. There is a science of Mechanics, because all the facts of mechanics can be reduced to certain primitive axioms and general laws, from which, in turn, the particular facts can be inferred by strict deductive logic. But there is no science of History, because the facts of history never recur. Every nation, every age, every man, woman, or child, and every event, is a new individual entirety, impossible to be calculated and foreseen; and logical foresight is the criterion of science. History, therefore, is a study—the grandest of all human studies, but it can

never be a science, until human beings are created in classes, instead of each one being an original "unknown quantity," capable of all sorts of incalculable variations, and also of disappearing, any moment, from our calculation altogether. Whenever the human race is in a position to assert that "all kings are just," "all philosophers are wise," "all laws are reasonable," "all good men are rich," "all scoundrels get their deserts," and so forth,—there will be a science of History. Until then, all the grand talk about philosophies of history is empty and illusory; proceeding on the mistaken notion that, where we can trace causation, we can construct science; whereas it is the *recurrence* of causes, not their existence, which is the only natural basis of science.

Now, in theology, some of the facts, though unique, are infinite, and so, in a certain sense, universal. Such are the being of God; His eternity, omniscience, justice, goodness, and so forth. But many of the leading truths of theology relate to distinct individual events: as, for example, the fall of Adam; the setting up of the Jewish church; the institution of sacrifice; the incarnation; the atonement; the second advent. We cannot logically infer the incarnation from the Trinity; or the atonement from the fall; or any one of the great fundamental facts of which the Bible alone informs us, from any other. The facts must be accepted as unique and unparalleled, stubbornly resisting our efforts to reduce them to metaphysical unity, to express them under higher laws, or to account for them scientifically and establish their logical necessity. Our knowledge of them can never be, in this world, reduced to science.

What then, it may be asked, is the use of Systematic Theology? If it cannot reduce the particular facts of Scripture to their universal laws, and classify its doctrines under higher truth—what can it do? The answer is, it can do what is the first step towards science in the natural world. It can examine and ascertain the real character of the facts themselves. It can inquire into the fundamental principles of the Divine character or government which the facts disclose or illustrate, and which, indeed, constitute their very meaning and essence. It can trace the unity of God's dealings with mankind, with reference to the two elements from which alone History can derive unity—causation, and purpose. It can reason negatively, though not positively, from those primary truths concerning God, which, as we have seen, are virtually universal, to the truth or falsehood of particular doctrines and interpretations of Scripture. For example, it cannot demonstrate, from the perfections of God and the sin of man, the certainty that an atonement would be provided. But, taking the Atonement as a fact, it can show that



any explanation of it must be false, which would be at variance either with the love, or with the justice of God. It cannot demonstrate, from the nature of the case, that the virtue of the Atonement must be universal. But it can show, from the truthfulness of God, that any theory of its extent must be false, which would involve the insincerity of the Gospel offers and promises. So in innumerable other instances, though the revealed facts of the Divine procedure could never have been inferred beforehand, from the principles of the Divine nature and character, yet it may be shown what principles are illustrated in those facts; and every interpretation of the facts can be refuted, which is irreconcilable with those principles. In a word Theology, if we are to award it the name of a science, is a science of analysis and interpretation. It is not an organ, but a criterion of knowledge. It cannot formulate, like algebra, or predict, like astronomy, or generalize, like mechanics, or experiment, like chemistry, or observe and investigate, like physiology or geology. It can only criticise. Its facts are few, unique, familiar; but they have been more misinterpreted than any other facts, and are as yet but very imperfectly understood. And even when theology has done her utmost towards systematizing these facts, by freeing them from the misrepresentations of philosophy, and setting them in the light of full impartial inquiry, in the completeness of their individual certainty, and in the order of their mutual relationship, it will still be found that they are *fragmentary* facts, united inseparably with the unseen, the unknown, and the unimagined. We shall always be compelled to confess, of our most successful achievements in this field—" *We know in part, and we prophesy in part.*"

The views we have thus ventured to indicate, of the province and claims of Systematic Theology, harmonize perfectly, we are happy to think, with the tone and spirit of the masterly work before us. Dr. Wardlaw is equally removed from dogmatism, on the one hand, and from latitudinarianism on the other. If he shows no tendency to depreciate the value of Systematic Theology, neither does he exaggerate it. The prevailing characteristic of these Lectures is a certain masculine good sense, equally removed from a timorous attachment to antiquity, and a morbid craving after novelty. His views, it need scarcely be said, are those which are understood by the term, "moderate Calvinism." He displays no ambition to be known as an iconoclast and exploder of the past. He builds on the old foundations. He has little faith in the light to be shed on the ancient revelation by the new philosophy; indeed, he is more than sceptical whether the new philosophy, in some of its most pretentious shapes, has light enough even to see



its own doctrines, without attempting to hold the torch to Christianity. He would rather uphold an old view by a new argument, than set up a new view without any arguments at all. On the other hand, his modesty does not destroy his independence. He calls no man master, and allows no authoritative appeal but to "The Book." He builds upon the old foundations, not because they are old, but because he believes them to be sound. If he thinks an old view incorrect, he boldly says so, and gives his reasons. He eschews the tedious refinements of scholastic technicality and verbal controversy. He distinguishes conscientiously between the authoritative declarations of the Bible, and the conclusions which human philosophy draws from them. The tendency of his Lectures, if we mistake not, is to make his readers, not partizans of a system, but students of Divine truth. It would be difficult to find a finer example of the working of that difficult problem, the practical solution of which is the special vocation of the Congregational churches,—How to combine freedom of thought, with the steady and unswerving maintenance of all the essential doctrines of the Gospel.

"Although (says Dr. Wardlaw) the Bible presents no formal or systematic arrangement of its doctrinal and preceptive contents, it by no means follows that there is no system in the Bible. There are some who cry out, with a reprobation quite too unqualified, against everything that bears the name or aspect of system. The very word is nauseous to them! It is most certain, however, that, as in all the kingdoms of nature, so in the Bible, there do exist materials for a system. . . . It is utterly impossible for any man of intelligence to read the Bible attentively, and with a sincere desire to understand its contents, without forming a system. I should desire, indeed, no surer evidence of a man's being a careless and inconsiderate student of the sacred writings (if indeed he should be called a student of them at all) than his having professedly studied them, without having formed any system. For what is a system? Can it be for a moment denied, that there is a mutual relation to each other among the truths of the Divine word? Now, a system is neither more nor less than the placing of these truths in the order of their several relations. There is a harmony amongst them, which, indeed, it is of no small importance for us to discern, and to retain upon our minds. . . . Every treatise, every sermon, if either the one or the other be properly executed, and really worth anything, is a system on the particular doctrine or duty of which it treats. It is just a concentrating of the scattered rays of Scripture-light upon one topic."—Vol. I. pp. 49—51.

"But, as I have said, there are dangers. Let us beware of them! Whether a system has been formed by ourselves, or has been adopted from our fathers, let us beware of them. They exist in

both cases. There is danger of such a system laying us under bondage; of its imposing fetters on our mental freedom. Our minds are apt to become biased by our attachment to it. When, as we flatter ourselves, we have got the whole, and that by no little amount of labour (the greater the labour the greater the temptation) very nicely put together, every part adjusted to the rest, and all compact and symmetrical, like the various parts of a complex but regular machine; like the stories of a well-proportioned edifice, rising from the foundation to the "headstone of the corner;" or like the members of the animal frame, all in their proper places, and fulfilling their respective functions,—a perfect body of divinity; we are loth to see it disarranged. We fear the dislocation of any joint, lest, peradventure, we should not very easily succeed in reducing it, or lest, in the attempt to reduce it, we should derange and disorder other parts. The mind is thus cramped. It is jealous of whatever might militate against the system. It shrinks from the examination of all arguments that wear a threatening aspect; becomes fearful and apprehensive even of the further examination of the Bible itself; and when it does further examine, examines in the light of the system, coming to the Scriptures for confirmation of sentiments already formed and settled, rather than for correction of what may be wrong, and for further knowledge. . . . No man is in the right way to truth, who does not maintain freedom of thought." —Pp. 52, 53, 55.

These are wise and weighty words. They display the well-balanced judgment, and calm, discriminating penetration which, much more than any brilliancy of genius, or original power in any one direction, characterised Wardlaw's mind, and fitted him to be the exponent of the recognised theology of the denomination which ranked him among its brightest ornaments. The student, who enters on the study of Systematic Theology under such a guide, will have his mind enlarged and invigorated, not cramped and narrowed. He may, or he may not, adopt all the views of his instructor. But he will, at all events, learn to avoid the weak and conceited affectation of despising orthodoxy. He will see the tenets of moderate Calvinism, not shrouded in the mists of metaphysics, or bristling with dry, hard technicalities; but expounded in plain, vigorous English, and set in the light, at once, of candour and of common sense. And if he can catch the spirit of combined reverence and independence, fidelity to truth, and charity towards those who differ, pervading these pages, there is no great fear that his own theology will be very far astray.

After three introductory Lectures (from one of which the foregoing extract has been taken), the lecturer enters on the systematic exposition of theology, by treating of the argument for the fundamental truth of all religion,—the existence of God.

The discussion of the so-called *à priori* argument, especially in the form in which Moses Lowman has stated it, and Dr. Pye Smith has adopted it, is masterly, and in our judgment unanswerable. The evidences from cause and effect, and from final causes, are ably discussed in two Lectures; and two more are devoted to a cursory but trenchant review of "Various Systems of Atheism," and of "German Schemes of Cosmogony and Atheism." Of course, in the judgment of those (if the term "judgment" be applicable in such cases) to whom downwright nonsense in English is inspired wisdom in German, and Schelling and Hegel are all luminous with the "Divine darkness" of unintelligibility, the shrewd, hard-headed Scotch Divine will earn only a sublime contempt by his plain speaking. Of the frost-crusts cobwebs of speculation, which Schelling spins from one snowy summit of abstraction to another yet more inaccessible, our plain-spoken Doctor says, "We must have free-trade in thought; no contraband articles; nonsense itself must be duty-free. But we must be equally free to call it nonsense. And we do." Hegel fares no better. "The marvel is, if any man can look at such theories with so much as half an eye, and not detect their baselessness and self-contradictoriness. They are 'airy nothings,' to which their high-minded inventors have succeeded in giving 'a local habitation and a name,' but which remain 'airy nothings,' still." No doubt such criticism betokens a shocking want of philosophic discernment and Teutonic depth in him who is bold enough thus to avow his belief, that what is neither intelligible nor true cannot be very profound. But unfortunately for philosophy—that is, for *such* philosophy—this belief is shared by mankind at large. Vulgar minds—the vulgar-learned as well as the vulgar-unlearned,—are often fascinated, it is true, with the semblance of depth presented by obscurity; but common-sense will have its revenge, sooner or later. The practical experience of mankind teaches them, that it is the nature of truth to speak, not to be silent; and to speak plain, not to mutter jargon; though it is true that there is always in her utterances more than meets the ear. The greatest, deepest truths are capable of being expressed in the simplest and most unambiguous language; though the complete meaning of that language transcends our comprehension. Dumb truths, if such there be, that can only grasp and mumble the *patois* of a system, not speak with clear voice to the universal ear and intellect and heart of mankind, must be content to have their claims denied, and to be set down as impostors. If any one thinks he has discovered that they are not so, let him not find fault with us, that we will not be at the pains of hunting out the sense of the barbarous brogue peculiar to the intellectual hermits who alone can breathe among those



heights of abstraction; but let him translate it into the intelligible, current language of human thought. Philosophers that cannot teach, are as worthless as ships that cannot sail. The tide of human knowledge will flow past them, leaving them to rot on the shore of the past.

From these topics, the Lectures advance to the Christian evidences, which are handled in eleven Lectures. Of the remaining eleven Lectures of Vol. I., ten discuss "the Divine Perfections,"—Spirituality, Omniscience, Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Holiness, Justice, and Truth. The last Lecture is on the question, "How far the true Knowledge of God has been attained, or is attainable by Human Reason."

The first two Lectures of Vol. II., treat of the sublime mystery of the Trinity, which is treated with characteristic reverence and modesty. Possibly, the definition furnished of the doctrine may be considered to err rather on the side of caution, and the avoidance of dogmatism.

"The doctrine of the Trinity, so far as it is possible to put it into the terms of human language, may be stated thus:—That in the unity of the Divine essence there subsists a three-fold distinction, of the nature or mode of which we are left in ignorance; the simple fact alone being matter of revelation; or thus:—That in the Scriptures, the Divine Being is expressed under three distinct names, Father, Son, (or Word,) and Holy Spirit; and the three is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery, a secret unrevealed, and in all probability incomprehensible to all mankind alike."—Vol. II., p. 3.

We confess, that this cautious statement appears to us somewhat too bare and meagre: a *Sabellian* might subscribe to it without difficulty. It might at all events be added, without at all presuming to dogmatize on a topic far beyond the scope of human faculties, that "this distinction is of such a character, that certain acts are predicated (in Scripture) of each One of the Three, which can be predicated only of that One: *e.g.*, that the Father gave the Son; that the Word became flesh; that the Holy Spirit is given to every believer, and is the inward source of spiritual life."

Advancing in the two next Lectures to "the Sonship of Christ" and "the procession of the Holy Spirit," Dr. Wardlaw modestly but firmly rejects both the dogma of eternal generation, and that of the procession of the Spirit, as fictions of human theology, based on misinterpretation of Scripture. His view, clearly expounded, and ably supported, is, that the term "Son of God," applies to Our Saviour as incarnate—including the idea of supreme Divinity, but not expressing His relation to the Father, previous to His incarnation, to have been filial; and



that Our Saviour's words in reference to the Holy Spirit, "*who proceedeth from the Father*," simply refer to the mission of the Holy Spirit in the work of human redemption.

We then advance to the great battle-field of Calvinistic theology. The opening sentences of Lecture V., on the Decrees of God, are marked by the writer's usual calm, luminous, good sense. We should almost have expected him to substitute some other expression for the phrase, "the Divine Decrees;" seeing that the term "Decree," is used in Scripture rather for God's actual appointments in time, than for His secret purposes in eternity, and that (as President Dwight allows) other words, found in Scripture, more suitably express the meaning. But Dr. Wardlaw's reference to the "terms with which from childhood we have been familiar," probably indicates the feeling which made him unwilling to part with the accustomed sound. He thus lays the foundation of the doctrine:—

"In an intelligent creature, we are accustomed to regard it as an indication of deficiency in wisdom, to proceed without a plan or previous arrangement. And, if the system of operations be extensive, involving many interests along with his own credit and his own happiness, such a pre-arrangement is considered by us as all the more necessary. We extol the sagacity of the projector in proportion to the comprehensiveness and completeness of his plan, the amount of skill discovered in the mutual adjustment of all its parts, as well as of shrewd and penetrating foresight in anticipating and providing against difficulties, and probable or even possible hindrances and interruptions. It were surely to impute to Deity a wisdom less than human, to suppose Him, in the creation and government of the universe, to act without a plan. And if He does act upon a plan, that plan must, in all its larger and minor details, be absolutely and unimproveably perfect. Now this plan, understood in all its extent, and in all its minuteness, as existing in the mind of Deity, is what constitutes the Divine decrees." (P. 61). . . "The whole of the Divine conduct, then, we consider as the result and exponent of previous purpose or determination. And this entire plan must have existed in the Divine Mind from eternity; *i.e.*, there never has been a time in which any purpose that is now or ever was in the Divine Mind was not there. To God, in this view, there can be nothing new, nothing unanticipated. Nothing must be considered as having occurred in the form of an after-thought; of something that required to be introduced to supply a deficiency, and prevent a disarrangement."—P. 63.

It seems impossible that the position so perspicuously set forth in these sentences can be denied or assailed by any one who believes in the Divine perfection. Yet these few sentences virtually involve, by a very brief and simple process of reasoning, all that is worth contending for in the Calvinistic theory.

Eight Lectures are occupied with the closely connected subjects of the Origin of Evil, Original Sin, and the Connexion of Adam's Posterity with the Guilt of his Sin. The examination of Dr. Williams's theory of the Origin of Evil, and of Mr. Gilbert's defence of it, is masterly, candid, and, in our judgment, conclusive. Dr. Wardlaw regards the problem as in its nature insoluble by human faculties, and therefore contents himself with pointing out unanswerable objections to the theories of others, without attempting any theory of his own.

"Sin did not originate in our world. The entrance of sin into the earthly paradise was only its extension,—its communication from one class of beings to another. As God never could make a creation with unholy principles, evil must have originated, wherever it first had place, without a tempter. And this I feel to be quite beyond my reach: in what way the thought of evil, the first sinful desire, found its way into the bosom of a sinless creature without foreign suggestion. Yet so it must have been."—P. 118.

Edwards's theory of the negative or primitive character of original depravity, and Dr. Payne's able and forcible development of it, are examined with great acuteness and mastery of the subject. The objection is strongly put against Dr. Payne's theory; and it seems to place Adam, in reference to the one testing command, in the same position with his posterity. If, in the matter of the forbidden tree, Adam was left entirely to himself, without the influence of the Holy Spirit to preserve him, then, either he was already in that measure a fallen creature, or else the absence of the Holy Spirit's influence in the case of Adam's children does not constitute them fallen creatures; their depravity must be something distinct from this privation of Divine influence. From this dilemma it does not seem easy to escape.

The discussion of the doctrine of Atonement forms, as may be expected, a very important and valuable part of the course. The reality of the Atonement is conclusively vindicated against those expositions, or rather eviscerations, of Scripture, which regard the statements of the Bible respecting it as mere Jewish figures. The "true nature of Atonement" is perspicuously and instructively unfolded; the notion of an exact equivalent in kind and degree, in the sufferings endured by Christ, for the sufferings which the sinner is spared, is refuted, not without some touches of indignation at the way in which, as Mr. Wardlaw considers, this view lessens and lowers the value and dignity of our Saviour's sufferings. Indeed, it seems inexplicable how this view can be maintained for an instant, in the face of the incontrovertible fact, that the worst part of the sinner's suffer-

ings, the goading remorse of personal guilt, and the bitterness of a heart filled with enmity against a righteous God, our Divine Redeemer neither did nor could endure. In fact, to talk of an equivalent in suffering, is to use words without meaning. Suffering lies, not in circumstances, but in feeling; and feelings are incommensurable and incalculable.

The manner in which Dr. Wardlaw has met the "Objections to the Doctrine of Atonement"—especially the obvious one of the injustice of the innocent expiating the crime of the guilty—is very able; and we think a candid opponent must almost be compelled to admit that it is successful. In our judgment, however, sufficient stress is not laid on the strongest point of all, viz., the relationship sustained by the Divine Sufferer to the condemned race. Dr. Wardlaw says,—

"We need not shrink from the admission that the doctrine of substitution, in its strict and proper sense, is the doctrine of the Gospel; that doctrine is, that the undeserving or innocent suffered in the room of, and in order to the deliverance of, the deserving or guilty."—(P. 360.)

In this phrase, "need not shrink from the admission," there seems something of feebleness and concession; as though the doctrine were felt to be a weak point in the theological system, obvious to attack, and difficult of defence. Whereas, if this doctrine be the very glory and essence and strength of the Gospel, as it certainly is, it ought to be possible so to state it that it shall not merely survive, but defy all assault. Undoubtedly, the doctrine here stated, is "the doctrine of the Gospel;" but it is not the *whole* doctrine of the Gospel. The words, as Dr. Wardlaw used them, conveyed more to his mind, and they will convey more to the mind of any one who already devoutly believes the doctrine, than they convey to the ear of an opponent, or than they really express. The word "substitution," is capable of such various meanings, that the defender of Atonement may be using it in one sense, and his opponent in a sense widely different. Substitution may be voluntary or involuntary, accidental or designed, based on relations which justify it, or arbitrarily effected, in the absence of any such relations. Now, the phrase, "substitution of the innocent for the guilty," fixes attention on the mere fact, apart from all its justifying reasons and explanations. It looks as if it might mean *any* innocent person; whereas there was but One in the universe who could be the "substitute" for guilty man. It looks as if the substitution might have been casual, or constrained, or arbitrary; whereas it was not only of set purpose, and voluntary, but proceeded on a basis which rendered it most



just and fit that it should be both offered and accepted. It was the substitution, not of a new victim, but of a representative. All the cases of substituted suffering, allowed by human laws, adduced as illustrative analogies of the Atonement, will be found to contain a fundamental idea, in some relationship between the parties, apart from which we could not regard them with complacency. When Judah offered to become Benjamin's substitute, it was on the ground of their relationship; we should not feel that he had *a right* to bereave his family, and sacrifice his liberty, for a stranger. In the famous case of Zaleucus, the sufferer is at once the father and the monarch, and the criminal his subject and his son. In the legend of Damon and Phintias, the intense love of the two friends supplies the moral ground of the self-sacrifice; but we cannot help questioning somewhat, if the ruler was right in permitting it. The simple substitution of an innocent person for a guilty one, without any moral ground for such a proceeding, would be repugnant to our sense of right, and would illustrate no principle of justice. The Scripture doctrine is not that of the *mere* substitution of one who was not guilty for many who were; it is the substitution a representative, of One who represented at once, in his own person, the Divine Ruler, and the rebellious and guilty race. Regarding our Redeemer as the Eternal Word, by whom "all things were made," the criminals were His creatures. This relation, while it constituted the *gravamen* of their sin, established a claim on Him; not a claim on justice, but a claim on pity and help, such as an erring child has on a loving father, only infinitely more tender. If He *could* help them, at the cost of his own suffering, it was morally fit and right and beautiful that he should do so. Regarding Him as man, He was "the second Adam;" not merely *a* man, but "*the* Son of man," the divinely appointed Head of the fallen race. In this character, it was morally right and fit that He should suffer for their fault, and that they should profit by his obedience. Lastly, the relation of the Son of God to "His Father, and Our Father," gave Him a right to assume a relation to the Divine government altogether exceptional and unique; and imparted such a character to His "obedience unto death," as that the pardon of the guilty race whose nature He had taken on Him is no less a tribute to public justice (which rewards as well as punishes) than it is an exercise of Divine Mercy. In fine, if the term "substitution" were not in such recognised use among theologians, the term "representation," would more adequately express the *kind* of substitution exemplified in the Atonement. This idea is expressed by the inspired writers in their constant use of the preposition ὑπὲρ, "on behalf of," not ἀντὶ, "instead of." We find indeed "λύτρον ἀντὶ πολλῶν



—a ransom in exchange for many ;” but there the figurative term “ransom,” necessitates the idea of payment or exchange. The other is the prevailing usage, and the distinction is important. Representation is not *opposed* to substitution, but includes it, and something more. It may be styled the highest kind of substitution, and is especially that form of it which has relation to law, government, public order, and public justice ; without which we may almost say society could not exist, and government would be reduced to the mere exercise of power over a multitude of individuals.

The discussion of the Atonement of course involves the question of its extent. This leads to the topics of Election, and the Perseverance of the Saints, which are treated with manly candour, cautious avoidance of violent extremes, lucid argumentation, and constant reference to Scriptural teaching. The two lectures on the “Perseverance of the Saints” are eminently judicious.

From these discussions as to the application of the benefits secured by the Atonement, the Lectures return to consider the mediatorial work itself—the condition of the Saviour’s soul between his death and his resurrection ; His resurrection and ascension, intercession and glory. The Thirty-ninth Lecture resumes the consideration of the benefits flowing from the mediation of Christ, and introduces the topics of Justification and Saving Faith. In reference to this topic, the lecturer observes,—

“Few things are more surprising than the variety of opinions, discussions, and debates, by which the minds of men have been agitated and perplexed, respecting the question, ‘What is faith?’ I am much inclined to think that if nineteen-twentieths, or, if you will, ninety-nine-hundredths, of all the controversial writing that has passed through the press on this subject—including, of course, my own proportion—were consumed in one bonfire, the Christian Church would be but little of a loser.”—P. 712.

As might be expected from his cast of mind and temperament, Dr. Wardlaw inclines rather to the intellectual view of faith than to that which lays stress on the idea of confidence or trust in personal character. He goes so far as to say,—

“Faith is the belief of the matter of testimony, the giving credit to anything reported or affirmed, either on the ground of the veracity of the testifier, *or of evidence adduced of the truth of his report or affirmation.*”—P. 715.

But how can this last be called faith at all? If a man, whom I know to be an habitual liar, brings me any report, and at the

same time confirms it by such evidence as leaves no room to doubt of its truth, is my belief, *i. e.*, my reception of the fact stated, to be called faith? I have no faith in the man, for I know his word to be not worth a straw. Can I be said to have faith in his message? As well might I be said to have faith in the conclusions of geometry, when I have followed, step by step, the reasoning which establishes them. No two processes of mind can well be more distinct, and even opposed, than the taking of a statement upon trust, as true, and the examination and balancing of evidence, and thence concluding its truth. The one is the friendly, unsuspecting reception we give to a guest—the opening of our heart to receive a statement, simply because it comes to us stamped with the authority of one whom we can trust. The other is the cautious examination of a suspected impostor—the bringing of the statement to the bar of the mind to be tried, and, after evidence heard, pronouncing its acquittal. If, on the other hand, “faith” be restricted to the belief of testimony, simply as testimony—*i. e.*, upon no other ground but the word of the testifier—then the controversy, whether faith be the intellectual reception of the testimony, or the reliance reposed in the witness, becomes a mere verbal dispute; the two are inseparable. In discussing this point, and attempting to show that trust “is the immediate effect of believing, rather than believing itself,” the venerable and gifted Lecturer has fallen into a singular oversight (at p. 722). He illustrates his view by supposing cases in which you receive testimony concerning a person’s abilities and integrity, and, in consequence of your believing that testimony, you exercise trust in him. The illustration is beside the mark, since it is merely a case of trust in one person inducing trust in *some one* or *something else*. This does not prove that the belief of the testimony was not, in the first instance, the result of trust in those who gave it. We cannot believe a testimony *quâ* testimony, if we distrust the witness. Belief of God’s testimony concerning His Son necessarily implies trust in God, and is the result, not the cause, of that trust, though it may be the cause of our trust in Christ. Belief of any of the promises of Christ can result only from trust in the promiser; while, at the same time, it may be the cause of a new exercise of truth, in reference to our actual reception of the thing promised. With all respect for a mind so clear, and an authority so high, as Dr. Wardlaw’s, we must still think, that the attempt to dis sever the belief of God’s word from trust in the Divine character, is one of those attempts at simplification, by separating things inseparable, which darken what they are meant to illuminate.

We cannot follow the reverend and lamented theologian into the third volume of his course, chiefly occupied with the work of

the Holy Spirit, and with the ethics of the Bible. We dismiss the volumes, which are all that could be wished in style and appearance, with our cordial thanks to the Editor, the Rev. James R. Campbell, M.A., for the manner in which he has discharged his honourable and useful task. These Lectures are a noble contribution to the treasures of English Theology. The Congregational body may point with satisfaction to this work, and the "First Lines," of a still a more accomplished scholar on this side the Tweed, as specimens of the instruction which its colleges are providing for the future teachers of the churches. These Lectures, we trust, will powerfully contribute, not only to counteract the undue depreciation of Systematic Theology, but to aid those who are called to the sacred and onerous work of preaching, in combining fidelity to the truth once delivered to the saints with unshackled freedom of thought, and broad and clear views of the Word of God; and in throwing into their public ministrations that vigour and variety, without which they will cease to interest, and that solid thought, without which they will never profit.

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## ART. II.—LIVINGSTONE'S AFRICAN TRAVELS.

*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the river Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean.* By David Livingstone, L.L.D., D.C.L., &c. London: John Murray. 1857.

THE work of Dr. Livingstone has added a new, and remarkably interesting chapter to the history of African Discovery. Old traditionary ideas, respecting the physical configuration of the interior of this vast region, have been proved false; fables which had, from time immemorial, remained the hereditary belief of the learned, as well as of the ignorant, regarding the desolation of its solitudes, and the curse of sterility which had fallen upon its plains, have been corrected; the vague terrors with which this central region was invested, have been discovered, by the indefatigable exertions of the missionary-traveller, to have been the creation of the fancy. Instead of impassable deserts, inhabited by savage swarms of human beings and ferocious animals, we now know that beyond the great water-shed of the south, whose confines alone had been hitherto explored, there lie lofty plateaus clothed with magnificent vegetation, valleys



shaded by forests, park-like ranges of hills, and plains rendered brilliant by flowers. In these districts, cut off from all intercourse with the civilized nations of the world by jungle-forests or desert-horizons, there live tribes of simple and industrious natives, whose chief occupation it is to hunt the elephant, defend themselves from the attacks of the terrible lion, accumulate the eggs of the ostrich, feed numerous herds of oxen, and barter with neighbouring clans the ivory they collect from the chase. The narrative of this adventurous traveller is rendered wonderfully fascinating by incidents of fatigue and dangers, anecdotes of curious manners, descriptions of grotesque people, and pictures of alternately wild and beautiful scenery. The importance of the labours of this zealous apostle cannot yet be estimated; it has been his great and glorious privilege to open up a highway between the isolated sons of Africa and the rest of the world, thus introducing the swarthy races of the interior to the knowledge of the civilized nations of the earth.

Dr. Livingstone opens his volume by a brief but interesting account of his earlier years, and indulging in a little innocent pride, commences his autobiography with a short list of his pedigree. His great-grandfather, it appears, fell at the battle of Culloden; his grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, one of the Hebrides, who, finding it impossible to support a growing family on his paternal acres, removed to Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory above Glasgow; where, also, his father, in time, became employed as clerk. The history of his own early career is very instructive. At the age of ten he was sent to the factory as a "piecer;" and contrived, out of his first week's earnings, to purchase a Latin Grammar, with which he commenced the study of that language—a study he continued with unabated ardour, at an evening school, until he had mastered all difficulties. Sometimes he laboured as late as twelve o'clock, when his mother, knowing that he had to be at the factory by six in the morning, would, with prudent solicitude, interfere and snatch the book out of his hand. However, many classical authors were read in the intervals of factory labour; and, in addition to Virgil and Horace, scientific works and works of travel were devoured with equal avidity.

This part of his life becomes peculiarly interesting. He had been carefully trained in the principles and practice of the Christian religion, but it was only at this time that he felt the necessity, and could realize the value, of a personal application of its truths to his own case. Then the fruits of the Spirit began to manifest themselves; he resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery, and imagining that a field was open to him as a pioneer of Christianity in China, he prepared to



obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise. He was still engaged at the factory; nevertheless he pursued his studies, and the plan he adopted shows the ardour with which he devoted himself to the task he had set before him. "My reading, while at work, was carried on," he tells us, "by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery." Such determination and persistency were not likely to be baffled, and we see in the young student, thus early, indications of that character which afterwards carried him over the pathless sands of the great Kalahari Desert, enabled him to cope with unimaginable difficulties, and still pursue his way undismayed by any of those terrors, real or imaginary, which might have daunted a less intrepid spirit. His steady zeal in the acquisition of knowledge was at length rewarded; he was enabled to attend the Greek and medical classes in Glasgow, as well as the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, during the winter, by working vigorously in summer. Having then finished his medical curriculum and obtained his diploma, the lad Livingstone joined, at the suggestion of a friend, the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character; but as the opium question had embroiled this country in a war with China, it was deemed inexpedient to put his original plan into execution, and as a new and a no less inviting field had been opened by the unwearied labours of Mr. Moffat, he turned his thoughts to Africa, and in the year 1840, set sail from England, for the Cape of Good Hope.

We have thought these few biographical details would be highly interesting, as putting the reader at once in possession of the character of the man, whose discoveries have enriched the geographical and ethnical knowledge of the world. It will, however, be impossible to give more than an outline of his adventures amongst the natives of Southern Africa, though we shall endeavour to enable the reader, as far as possible, to judge from copious extracts, of the value of the work which he has given to the public. The novelty of the scenes it depicts, the grotesqueness of the people it describes, the enterprise with which it abounds, render it one of the most fascinating volumes that have been written since Humboldt laid bare the interior of South America.

On arriving at the Cape, Dr. Livingstone at once proceeded to Kuruman, the farthest inland missionary station, and then after a short stay to a place called Lepepole, in the Bakwain country, where in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language of the country, he cut himself off from all European society,

and in about six months gained an insight into the habits, laws, and ways of thinking of this tribe which eventually proved of incalculable advantage in his intercourse with them. The study of the language and manners of this people was not his sole occupation. He was desirous of proving to his coloured neighbours the superiority of the white man over the coloured, as well as to confer real benefits upon his new friends. He accordingly constructed a canal—a most valuable acquisition in a dry country—for the purpose of irrigation. Occasionally he made excursions northward, to the Bakáa, Bamangwato, and Makaláka tribes; and it was during one of these expeditions, that he came within a short distance of Lake Ngami, the discovery of which was however accidentally postponed for nearly eight years. His journeys were usually performed in a lumbering cart or waggon drawn by oxen; but on this occasion, owing to the sickness of the cattle, on foot. His white face, his slim person, and his general conformation failed to inspire the natives with any very formidable idea of his physical strength. Unconscious that Dr. Livingstone understood their language, they discussed his powers and personal appearance. “He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up.” Now was the time to undeceive them. The Highland blood of the young Scotchman was roused; he felt he could despise all fatigue; and for the whole of that day’s journey kept his companions to the top of their speed, until he heard them, with a pardonable vanity, recant their opinion of his powers of exertion.

In 1843, Dr. Livingstone, returning towards Kuruman, selected the beautiful valley of the Mabotsa as a site for a missionary station. He had not been long there before his life was endangered in one of those frequent excursions common to the country—a lion hunt. The Bakátla of the village, it appears, were much annoyed by this terrible animal, which, emboldened by hunger, leaped into the cattle-pens by night, devoured the cows, and committed other depredations.

“So the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown

at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakátla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the Carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakátla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

—Pp. 11—13.

Each tribe among the Bechuanas is named, according to Dr. Livingstone's statement, after a certain animal; and a not im-



probable inference is drawn, that in former times they were addicted, like the Egyptians of old, to animal worship. The term Bakátla signifies, "they of the monkey;" Bakuena, "they of the alligator;" Batlápi, "they of the fish," and so on, and it is a curious fact that the tribes have a superstitious dread of the animal after which they are named, and never use it as food. The clan to which Dr. Livingstone attached himself was the Bakuana or Bakwains, a pastoral race, the chief of whom, Sechele, an intelligent and amiable man, resided at Shokuane. A close and intimate friendship sprang up between this native chieftain and his guest. The father of Sechele had been murdered by his subjects, owing to some domestic quarrel, whilst the son was still a boy, and the latter was deprived of his inheritance. A friendly neighbour chief, however, reinstated him in the sovereignty of his tribe by a *coup de main*, and put the usurper to death. The interviews of the missionary with this prince are highly interesting. He was deeply impressed with the glad tidings announced to him, and though the other chiefs, or rather sub-chiefs, refused to listen to the words of the preacher, this excellent native received with gratitude the Gospel of peace.

"On the first occasion in which I ever attempted to hold a public religious service, he remarked that it was the custom of his nation, when any new subject was brought before them, to put questions on it; and he begged me to allow him to do the same in this case. On expressing my entire willingness to answer his questions, he inquired if my forefathers knew of a future judgment. I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the 'great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away,' &c. He said, 'You startle me—these words make all my bones shake—I have no more strength in me: but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going.' I got out of the difficulty by explaining the geographical barriers in the North, and the gradual spread of knowledge from the South, to which we first had access by means of ships; and I expressed my belief that, as Christ had said, the whole world would yet be enlightened by the Gospel. Pointing to the great Kalahári desert; he said, 'You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of water-melons follows. Even we, who know the country, would certainly perish without them.' Re-asserting my belief in the words of Christ, we parted; and it will be seen further on, that Sechele himself assisted me in crossing that desert which had previously proved an insurmountable barrier to so many adventurers."—Pp. 15, 16.

Although Sechele eventually believed for himself, the superstitious alarm of his subjects interfered greatly with the propagation of the Gospel. The whole district was suffering at this time from a severe drought, a calamity which the professional "rain-doctors" associated in their minds with the presence of a white man and Christian amongst them; so that when Dr. Livingstone, at the request of Sechele, began family worship with him in his own house, none except the family of the prince, whom he ordered to attend, came to the meeting. "In former times," such was the affecting lament of the new convert, "when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me." In fact, many of his people imagined that the chief was beside himself, or rather bewitched by the missionary, and when he received baptism, shed tears of pity and compassion.

Still the relations of Dr. Livingstone with the rest of the tribe were of the most amicable character. They regarded him as a man of probity and benevolence; for when he first came amongst them, he refused to accept the plot of ground they assigned to him without paying an equivalent, and he was assiduous in his attendance upon the sick, relieving their sufferings as far as his skill and medicines availed. He further convinced them that he had no desire to interfere with, or control, their affairs in the slightest degree; his influence, he told them, must be that of persuasion alone, and seeing that he acted up to the profession he had made, they saw him move amongst them without fear or desire of molesting him, although they fervently believed he had thrown a glamour over their chief, and was the immediate cause of the drought which afflicted them. Yet the Doctor's teaching proved an indirect blessing to the people. Their standard of morality was imperceptibly raised; new and better motives were brought into play; five times was war prevented by his influence; and it may be safely asserted that where the missionary failed to exert any individual influence, the people acted no worse than they did before a European had set foot in their country.

We regret that we have not space to linger longer in the beautiful valley of the Mabopsa, with the reverend Doctor seated amongst this interesting community. One feature in the superstitions of the natives we, however, must allude to — we mean the belief in the gift or power of rain-making, one of the most deeply rooted articles of faith in the country. The chief

Sechele himself, Dr. Livingstone informs us, was a noted rain-doctor, and found it, as he frequently confessed, one of the most difficult points to abjure, when he became a Christian. For four successive years the terrible drought continued; the Kolobeng, a large river, was dry; needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; a mixture of sulphuric acid and water used in a galvanic battery, parted with all its water to the air instead of imbibing more, as it would have done in England; the leaves of the mimosa closed at mid-day; and the bulb of a thermometer placed three inches under ground, stood at 132 to 134 degrees; and there was apprehension that all vegetation would die; deputations of old Bakwain counsellors waited on the Doctor, believing that he had bound Sechele with a magic spell; and entreating him to allow the chief to make only a few showers. "The corn will die if you refuse, and we shall become scattered. Only let him make rain this once, and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school, and sing and pray as long as you please." It must have been distressing to the missionary to have appeared so hard-hearted to the natives, amongst whom he dwelt, as they evidently believed in his power to create rain. There was, however, only one answer; but the cleverness and ingenuity with which all replies were met, may be illustrated by the following dialogue between the rain-doctor and medical doctor, the arguments of the former being those usually employed amongst the native faculty:—

*Medical Doctor.* Hail, friend! How very many medicines you have about you this morning! Why, you have every medicine in the country here.

*Rain Doctor.* Very true, my friend; and I ought; for the whole country needs the rain which I am making.

*M. D.* So you really believe that you can command the clouds? I think that can be done by God alone.

*R. D.* We both believe the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain; but I pray to him by means of these medicines, and, the rain coming, of course it is then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains for many years, when they were at Shokuane; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

*M. D.* But we are distinctly told in the parting words of our Saviour that we can pray to God acceptably in His name alone, and not by means of medicines.

*R. D.* Truly! but God told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give



us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing, which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. *We* do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yet we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

*M. D.* I don't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

*R. D.* That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuruman for corn, and irrigate your garden, may do without rain; *we* cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe become dispersed and lost; our fire would go out.

*M. D.* I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belongs to God only.

*R. D.* I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine: sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

*M. D.* I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.

*R. D.* Mahala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation! Is death pleasant then?

*M. D.* Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

*R. D.* I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullilooing for joy.

*M. D.* I think you deceive both them and yourself.

*R. D. Well*, then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues).”—Pp. 23—25.

The character of the Bakwains is that of a primitive and simple people; though slow in the acquisition of religious ideas, or the discernment of things that come not within the sphere of their observation, they are said to be remarkably quick in the comprehension of whatever concerns their worldly affairs. Their knowledge of cattle, sheep, and goats is very accurate, and they understand exactly what kind of pasturage is suited to each. They select also, with great judgment, the varieties of soil best adapted to different kinds of grain; and are familiar with the habits of wild animals; nor are they deficient, says Dr. Livingstone, in the maxims which embody their ideas of political wisdom. Their principal enemies are the Boers of the Cashan Mountains. These unprincipled descendants of Dutch settlers—or, rather, one section of them—penetrated into the territory of the Bechuanas. This helpless tribe having just escaped from the tyranny of a Zulu, or Caffre, chief named Mosilikátze, received them as friends and deliverers. But instead of making a virtuous use of the confidence reposed in them, these ruffian marauders overpowered the race and made slaves of them. Even those who still retain a semblance of independence are forced to perform all the labour of the fields, such as manuring the land, weeding, reaping, building, making dams and canals, and at the same time to support themselves. The Boers opposed, as far as lay in their power, the steps of Dr. Livingstone, and from their impertinent and hostile interference alone did he find any obstruction to his journeying to and fro amongst the entire nations of Southern Africa.

We have already stated that Dr. Livingstone, in 1843, approached within a few miles of Lake Ngami without discovering it. Now, in 1849, he determined to undertake an expedition in search of this central sheet of water. To reach it, however, it would be necessary to cross the great Desert of Kalahari—a flat tract of light-coloured soft sand, that stretched for several hundred miles away beyond the Orange River. The peculiarity of this vast solitude is, that it is not destitute of vegetation, but, on the contrary, is covered with grass—the abundance of which has astonished those even who are familiar with the plains of India—a great variety of creeping plants, bushes, and trees. The absence of running water, and the fact that there is little of that valuable beverage even in the wells, has given to this desiccated region the appellation of Desert. Bushmen, and Baka-lahári tribes, as well as prodigious herds of a certain kind of ante-

lope which requires little or no water, inhabit its trackless plains. For the sustenance of plants and shrubs, however, the economy of nature is wonderful. Plants not generally tuber-bearing, such as the grass, a species of vine, and a small scarlet-coloured esculent cucumber, here produce bulbous roots which supply nutriment and moisture, when, during the long droughts, they can be procured nowhere else.

"Another plant, named *leroshúa*," says the Doctor, "is a blessing to the inhabitants of the desert. We see a small plant with linear leaves, and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill; on digging down a foot or eighteen inches beneath, we come to a tuber often as large as the head of a young child; when the rind is removed, we find it to be a mass of cellular tissue filled with fluid much like that in a young turnip. Owing to the depth beneath the soil at which it is found, it is generally deliciously cool, and refreshing. Another kind, named *mokuri*, is seen in other parts of the country, where long-continued heat parches the soil. This plant is an herbaceous creeper, and deposits underground a number of tubers, some as large as a man's head, at spots in a circle a yard or more horizontally from the stem."—Pp. 47, 48.

But the most surprising plant of the desert is the "Kengwe, or Water-Melon." This valuable fruit abounds in seasons when a little more rain than usual falls, and then the ground is literally covered with them. Not only does man rejoice in the rich supply, animals of every sort and name—elephants, lions, hyenas, rhinoceroses, antelopes, jackals, and mice—revel in the water-bearing food. The inhabitants also have an ingenious method of obtaining the water to be found in wells, and keeping it in curious reservoirs underground.

"The dread of visits from Bechuanas of strange tribes causes the Bakalahari to choose their residences far from water; and they not unfrequently hide their supplies by filling the pits with sand, and making a fire over the spot. When they wish to draw water for use, the women come with twenty or thirty of their water-vessels in a bag or net on their backs. These water-vessels consist of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole in the end of each, such as would admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as she draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. If any one will attempt to squirt water into a bottle placed some distance below his mouth, he will soon perceive



the wisdom of the Bushwoman's contrivance for giving the stream direction by means of a straw. The whole stock of water is thus passed through the woman's mouth as a pump, and when taken home is carefully buried. I have come into villages where, had we acted a domineering part, and rummaged every hut, we should have found nothing; but by sitting down quietly, and waiting with patience until the villagers were led to form a favourable opinion of us, a woman would bring out a shellful of the precious fluid from I know not where."—P. 51.

On the 1st of June, 1849, Dr. Livingstone set out to cross this waterless wilderness, in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray. Their conveyances were waggons drawn by oxen. The route lay through a range of tree-covered hills to Shokuane, and thence along the bed of an ancient river or wady, now completely dry, to the Bamangwato. From the Bamangwato they struck away to a desert fountain, called Serotli, which consisted of a few hollows, holding so small a quantity of water that the dogs of the party could easily have lapped it up, had they not been driven away. "Yet this was all the apparent supply," remarks the Doctor, "for some eighty oxen, twenty horses, and about a score of men." By digging, however, below the surface a few feet, until they arrived at the hard stratum, a small quantity of water flowed slowly; and this, being allowed to collect, proved sufficient for the men and horses, but not for the cattle, which had to be sent back to another, after thirsting full four days. By the following morning the water had collected in sufficient quantity to allow the cattle a good drink, and, thus strengthened, the little band pushed on, though, owing to the intense heat of the sun, very slowly. The difficulties of the journey were very great.

"Ramotobi was angry at the slowness of our progress, and told us that, as the next water was three days in front, if we travelled so slowly we should never get there at all. The utmost endeavours of the servants, cracking their whips, screaming and beating, got only nineteen miles out of the poor beasts. We had thus proceeded forty-four miles from Serotli; and the oxen were more exhausted by the soft nature of the country and the thirst, than if they had travelled double the distance over a hard road containing supplies of water: we had, as far as we could judge, still thirty miles more of the same dry work before us. At this season the grass becomes so dry as to crumble to powder in the hands; so the poor beasts stood wearily chewing, without taking a single fresh mouthful, and lowing painfully at the smell of water in our vessels in the waggons. We were all determined to succeed; so we endeavoured to save the horses by sending them forward with the guide, as a means of making a desperate effort, in case the oxen should fail. Murray went forward with them, while Oswell and I remained to bring the

waggons on their trail as far as the cattle could drag them, intending then to send the oxen forward too."—Pp. 59, 60.

After enduring much toil and privation the party arrive at water, in the vicinity of the dry bed of the river Mokoko, and having slaked their thirst, proceeded onwards, only to lose their way in this dreary desert. They discover a Bushwoman, however, who conducted them to the water of the Nchokotsa; and, on the 4th of July, they reach the Zouga, a river running to the north-east and flowing out of Lake Ngami—the object of their search. The natives, who possessed large herds of horned cattle, and lived principally upon the water, informed Dr. Livingstone and his companions, that, by following the stream which lay at their feet, they would at last reach the "broad water." After pursuing the course of this beautifully wooded river for ninety-six miles, they came upon the native settlement of Ngabisane, where they left their waggons, finding it impossible to push on further with these *impedimenta*; and twelve days later—that is, on the 1st of August, or two months after their departure from Kolobeng—their long-protracted toil and patience were crowned with complete success, the north-east end of the lake appearing in sight. From where they stood no horizon was visible, except that of the sky and water; and from the computation then and since made, and from the accounts rendered of it by the natives, it is estimated that this inland sheet of water cannot be less than from eighty to a hundred miles in circumference. It is doubtful, however, whether it can ever become a great commercial highway; it is very shallow, except in the rainy season, and its water, when the lake is not full, brackish and hard. The water of the Tamunak'le, a tributary of the Ngami, is clear, cold, and soft, and this fact led to the idea that it must have descended from some snow-clad range of hills further in the interior. After several vain attempts to reach Sebituane, the chieftain of a tribe dwelling still further inland, but which were thwarted by the jealousy of the natives, Dr. Livingstone and his friends commenced their return down the Zouga. This river, as we have before mentioned, is beautifully wooded; its banks are steep and grassy, and our traveller was reminded, as he passed along, of some of the features of his native Clyde. The trees he describes as being enormous—one of two baobabs or mowanas being seventy-six feet in girth. There were, also, mokuchong or moshoma, which bear an edible fruit, and would be an ornament in any gentleman's lawn or park; the motsouri, producing a pink plum, and resembling the orange tree in its dark evergreen foliage, and the cypress in its form; and the

stately palmyra. Elephants abound in the country, as well as a new species of African antelope, never found a mile from water. As a curious illustration of the manner in which the natives entrap the wild animals of the desert, we quote the following extract. Speaking of the Zouga, Dr. Livingstone says:—

“We had now time to look at its banks. These are very beautiful, resembling closely many parts of the river Clyde above Glasgow. The formation is soft calcareous tufa, such as forms the bottom of all this basin. The banks are perpendicular on the side to which the water swings, and sloping and grassy on the other. The slopes are selected for the pitfalls designed by the Bayeiye to entrap the animals as they come to drink. These are about seven or eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, and gradually decrease till they are only about a foot wide at the bottom. The mouth is an oblong square (the only square thing made by the Bechuanas, for everything else is round), and the long diameter at the surface is about equal to the depth. The decreasing width towards the bottom is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in by his weight and struggles. The pitfalls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick left uncut between the ends of each. So that if the beast, when it feels its fore legs descending, should try to save itself from going in altogether, by striding the hind legs, he would spring forward, and leap into the second with a force which ensures the fall of his whole body into the trap. They are covered with great care; all the excavated earth is removed to a distance, so as not to excite suspicion in the minds of the animals. Reeds and grass are laid across the top; above this the sand is thrown, and watered so as to appear exactly like the rest of the spot. Some of our party plumped into these pitfalls more than once, even when in search of them, in order to open them to prevent the loss of our cattle. If an ox sees a hole, he carefully avoids it. And old elephants have been known to precede the herd and whisk off the coverings of the pitfalls on each side all the way down to the water. We have known instances in which the old among these sagacious animals have actually lifted the young out of the trap.”—Pp. 69, 70.

Having returned to Kolobeng and recruited his strength, Dr. Livingstone again sets out, with indefatigable energy, for the far interior. After various casualties, which compelled him to retreat for awhile—such as the sickness of his children, failure to obtain guides, &c.—he at length reached Nchokotsa; whence he continues in a northerly direction, instead of turning off in his former north-westerly route to Lake Ngami. Here, passing by some curious salt-pans, he encounters the formidable “tsetse,” an insect resembling a bee, whose poison proves invariably fatal to horses, cattle, and other domestic animals; whilst it produces no injurious effects upon the human body, game, or



even a calf until it is weaned. The way in which the virus of this deadly insect operates is too curious to be omitted:—

“A slight itching irritation follows, but not more than in the bite of a mosquito. In the ox this same bite produces no more immediate effects than in man. It does not startle him as the gad-fly does; but a few days afterwards the following symptoms supervene: the eye and nose begin to run, the coat stares as if the animal were cold, a swelling appears under the jaw, and sometimes at the navel; and, though the animal continues to graze, emaciation commences, accompanied with a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles, and this proceeds unchecked until, perhaps months afterwards, purging comes on, and the animal, no longer able to graze, perishes in a state of extreme exhaustion. Those which are in good condition often perish soon after the bite is inflicted with staggering and blindness, as if the brain were affected by it. Sudden changes of temperature produced by falls of rains seem to hasten the progress of the complaint; but in general the emaciation goes on uninterruptedly for months, and do what we will, the poor animals perish miserably.” —Pp. 81, 82.

Pursuing their way across this wild region, our little band of adventurers came among the Makololo, the acquaintance of whose chief Sebituane, Dr. Livingstone had desired to form, on his visit to Lake Ngami. Curiously enough the old chief lived only long enough to see the white man, being attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which carried him off during Dr. Livingstone's stay at his head-quarters. After the death of Sebituane, Mr. Oswell and Dr. Livingstone pushed on one hundred and thirty miles to Sesheke, and in the end of June, 1851, discovered the Zambesi in the centre of the continent—an important discovery, the Portuguese maps having represented it as rising far to the east of this point. “We saw it,” says the author, “at the end of the dry season, at the time when the river is about at its lowest, and yet there was a breadth of from 300 to 600 yards of deep flowing water.” In the centre of the African continent, this discovery was indeed a stupendous acquisition. With this reward of their toil, Dr. Livingstone returned to Cape Town, safely passing through the frontier districts, though a Caffre war was raging at the time, and having sent his family to England, prepared for his third, his last, and his longest expedition. One short episode we must notice, since the extract will serve to show the reader that these expeditions were not exactly pleasure-trips or pic-nic parties; but that they who resolve to penetrate into a strange and wild country, either for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to its savage population, or for the advancement of science, must be prepared to encounter

unimagined trials, and be overwhelmed at any moment by unforeseen perils.

"It is impossible to convey an idea of the dreary scene on which we entered after leaving this spot: the only vegetation was a low scrub in deep sand; not a bird or insect enlivened the landscape. It was, without exception, the most uninviting prospect I ever beheld; and, to make matters worse, our guide Shobo wandered on the second day. We coaxed him on at night, but he went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season; and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken *Sichuána* say, 'No water, all country only;—Shobo sleeps;—he breaks down;—country only;'—and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty; and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went on in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find the water in the river *Mabábe*, which comes from the *Tamunak'le*, and lay to the west of us. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and next morning, the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."—P. 79.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon the previous exploring expeditions of Dr. Livingstone, and left too slight a space for his third and, decidedly, most important journey. We have deemed it advisable however to give copious extracts, to enable the reader to understand the nature of the country the missionary traveller had to traverse, and the difficulties which assailed him at every step. Having thoroughly comprehended these points, the reader can more thoroughly appreciate the labours of this intrepid adventurer, and sympathize with him, as he advances, stage by stage, further from the haunts of European civilization into the unrevealed solitudes of Central Africa.

It was in the June of 1852, that Dr. Livingstone left Cape Town for the interior; and he was absent, exploring and discovering, for a period of four years. On looking at the map it will be perceived that, at its southern extremity, the great African continent terminates in a vast cone-shaped promontory.

Dividing this country into three distinct portions, we have on the east the territory of the Zulus or Caffres, mountainous, wooded, and well-watered; inhabited by a race of tall, athletic, and handsome men, shrewd, energetic, and brave; on the west, a vast level plain, including the Kalahari Desert, with little water, but abounding in vegetation; and in the centre a tract of land gently undulating, with few springs of water, and still fewer running streams. It was through this central division that the route of Dr. Livingstone lay; his conveyance consisted of a lumbering waggon drawn by ten oxen, and his personal attendants two Christian Bechuanas from Kuruman, and two Bakwain men. We have already described the features of the country, and the incidents of travel, as far nearly as Linyanti—a spot farther than was reached even by the adventurous Gordon Cumming. Beyond the district of the Bakwains, the vigorous black-ant, the land-tortoise, lions, buffaloes, mice, serpents, ostriches, and hippopotami were met with in abundance, and interesting and instructive is the chapter devoted to the habits and customs of these dwellers in the desert. Linyanti is upwards of 1,200 miles from Cape Town; and making this place, as it were, his head-quarters, Dr. Livingstone ascended the Leeambye and the Barotse valley, descended the Chobe, explored the bulk of various tributaries, surveyed the country on every side, traversed numerous native states, and crossing the territory of the Quibogue entered Angola, and arrived at St. Paul de Loando, on the shores of the Atlantic. It would be impossible, in the space of a few pages, to give any idea of the wonderful indigenous riches and varieties of nature which excited Dr. Livingstone's admiration; we must refer the reader to the fascinating volume itself, which reads more like a work of fiction than anything we have seen for some time. At every step the country became more lovely; trees which he had never seen before were discovered; the grass green as in the meadows of England, overtopped the waggons; vines stretched from branch to branch in elegant festoons; the beautiful banian frequently spread its majestic branches; large sheets of water lay in hollows; and as he proceeded northward, streams and rivers became more numerous, till at length his progress was impeded by a vast inundation—the result of the overflow of the Chobe river. The Leeambye, which was ascended in three-and-thirty canoes, revealed a still more surprising picture. Often was this magnificent river more than a mile in width, and the country on each side beautiful and prolific. The population nowhere hostile, was here found to be of a superior character, ingenious and industrious.

“We proceeded rapidly up the river, and I felt the pleasure of



looking on lands which had never been seen by an European before. The river is, indeed, a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian, or *Ficus Indica*. The islands at a little distance seem great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scenery of some of the islands is greatly increased by the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour, near the bottom of the picture, and the lofty palmyra towering far above, and casting its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. It being winter, we had the strange colouring on the banks which many parts of African landscape assume. The country adjacent to the river is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all the other large game, except leches and nakongs, which seem generally to avoid stony ground. The soil is of a reddish colour, and very fertile, as is attested by the great quantity of grain raised annually by the Banyeti. A great many villages of this poor and very industrious people are situated on both banks of the river; they are expert hunters of the hippopotami and other animals, and very proficient in the manufacture of articles of wood and iron. The whole of this part of the country being infested with the tsetse, they are unable to rear domestic animals. This may have led to their skill in handicraft works. Some make large wooden vessels with very neat lids, and wooden bowls of all sizes; and since the idea of sitting on stools has entered the Makololo mind, they have shown great taste in the different forms given to the legs of these pieces of furniture.

“Other Banyeti, or Manyeti, as they are called, make neat and strong baskets of the split roots of a certain tree, whilst others excel in pottery and iron. I cannot find that they have ever been warlike. Indeed the wars in the centre of the country, where no slave-trade existed, have seldom been about anything else but cattle. So well known is this, that several tribes refuse to keep cattle, because they tempt their enemies to come and steal. Nevertheless, they have no objection to eat them when offered, and their country admits of being well stocked. I have heard of but one war having occurred from another cause. Three brothers, Barolongs, fought for the possession of a woman, who was considered worth a battle, and the tribe has remained permanently divided ever since.”—Pp. 212, 213.

Ascending the Leeba, a considerable tributary of the Leeambye, Dr. Livingstone came upon the Mambari—a tribe of traders, whose high privilege it has been to introduce English cotton-fabrics into the heart of Africa. The cotton prints of Manchester appear so wonderful in the eyes of the Makololo, that they can scarcely believe them to be the work of human hands. “An attempt at explanation of our manufactures,”

says the Doctor, "usually elicits the expression, 'Truly ye are gods.'" In this part of the country the Salique law by no means prevails, several of the most influential chiefs being women. With some of these our traveller had occasional interviews, and curious indeed is the account which he gives of the etiquette established at these native courts, and the ceremonies which a person must observe who wishes to enter into the presence of their swarthy majesties. As Dr. Livingstone approached nearer to the coast, the signs of semi-civilization began to appear. Numbers of young girls, the property of Portuguese traders, were constantly met with, with chains on their limbs—the badges of their degraded condition. Nevertheless, in these western regions beauty was to be found amongst maidens, and the droll fashion of stretching the hair out upon a hoop, to produce, in some cases, the appearance of the glory round the Madonna's head; in others, the form of crowns, peaks, and horns of cattle prevailed.

Twelve hundred miles of journey had thus been performed from Linyanti to Loando. Nothing daunted, Dr. Livingstone returned by the way he went, and having reached the central point of Linyanti again, set out afresh in a north-easterly direction to reach the town of Quilimane, or Kilimane, on the eastern coast of Africa, by descending the river Zambesi. We would we could find space for the description of the magnificent Victoria Falls, called by the natives, Mosioatunya, (Smoke-sounding) owing to the vast quantity of foam and mist sent up, and the ceaseless roar it produces. The description of this stupendous torrent would occupy too much space. The road which Dr. Livingstone pursued, lay through landscapes so beautiful, that he tells us, "Scenes so lovely must have been gazed on by angels;" but as he neared the coast, however, he found that the natives had lost that simplicity of character, which, to a certain extent, belonged to the tribes of the far interior. The population became denser and displayed more vicious habits; and though cultivation was carried on to a considerable extent, the soil and its products were shared by large herds of wild animals, all of colossal size.

Throughout all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone never forgot the missionary character he had undertaken. He healed, where it was in his power, the sick of every district; but he did not fail to elicit their ideas respecting religion, the worship of their gods, and their notions of morality; and on all occasions he strove to impart to them a knowledge of a purer and more ennobling faith, and of elevating the native character. The success which attended upon his individual labours, could be but very imperceptible. He has, however, been the pioneer to the natives of Central Africa; he burns to revisit the tribes he has left; and

having shown what a mighty field is open for the efforts of Great Britain, and enlisted the sympathies of all classes with the simple but degraded Africans, we do not doubt strenuous efforts will be made to carry the Gospel still more effectually amongst them, and let its glorious light shine into their degraded and benighted minds.

### ART. III.—THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1. *Indian Rule and Responsibility : a Sermon.* By the Rev. H. Allon. London : 1857.
2. *The Rebellion in India : How to prevent another.* By John Bruce Norton. London. 1857.
3. *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army.* By One who has served under Sir Charles Napier. London. 1857.
4. *A Bird's-eye View of India.* By Lieutenant Edward King. London. 1857.
5. *Tracts on the Native Army of India.* By Brigadier-General John Jacob. Reprinted. London. 1857.
6. *A few Remarks on the Bengal Army.* By a Bombay Officer. Reprinted from the Edition of 1851. London. 1857.
7. *Complete Narrative of the Mutiny in India.* By Thomas Frost, Esq. London. 1857.
8. *The Indian Mutiny : a Lecture.* By the Rev. Micaiah Hill. London. 1857.
9. *India : its Crimes and Claims : a Sermon.* By Rev. C. Stovel. London. 1857.
10. *England's Faults and India's Claims : a Sermon.* By Rev. T. Aveling. London. 1857.
11. *A Fast-Day Sermon.* By Rev. John Glendenning. London. 1857.
12. *Congregational Pulpit.—Fast-Day Sermons.* London. 1857.
13. *Papers on the Indian Mutiny.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. 1857.
14. *Statement of the Troops which have embarked for India, from the 1st of July to the 10th of September ; and from the 10th of September to the 10th of November, 1857, according to the Returns received at the Adjutant-General's Office.*

WE earnestly and confidently hope that the profound and anxious interest which has taken possession of the whole nation during the last six or eight months, in the affairs of our Indian Empire, is destined to continue long after the calamities and horrors by which it was excited have disappeared. The dis-



asters, the crimes, the heroism, which have made up the history of the fairest and richest provinces of British India since last January, will surely be talked of in every English home, and thoughtfully pondered by every English heart, for many years to come. No political struggles, no commercial vicissitudes, no social excitements, not even the heaviest private sorrows, will ever cause the men and women, or even the boys and girls, of this generation, to forget Delhi and Cawnpore; and while self-sacrifice and invincible courage are held honourable, the names of Willoughby, Havelock, Nicholson, Lawrence, and Neill will kindle boyish enthusiasm, nerve manly strength, and inspire heroic song. The agony which filled our hearts at the arrival of one Indian mail after another in the summer and autumn of 1857, we shall all of us remember most vividly and mournfully to our dying day; and we trust that henceforth it will be impossible for us to ignore or even grossly to neglect the duties which, both as Englishmen and Christians, we owe to the vast territories and enormous populations over which we reign in the East.

Infinite grief and pity for the brave men who had been treacherously murdered; for the gentle women who had endured sufferings, humiliations, and tortures, to which all common deaths would have been slight and inconsiderable misfortunes; righteous indignation against the perpetrators of these foul and cruel deeds, and a stern resolve to punish their atrocities with unrelenting severity, occupied at first, and had a right to occupy, our whole soul. The cry for vengeance meant that Justice must inflict her swiftest and most awful penalties; crimes so horrible demanded the instant and complete destruction of the miserable wretches who committed them. But already we are beginning to remember duties long forgotten, and to feel as we never felt before the pressure of solemn and weighty responsibilities.

To millions of Englishmen, India has been a land of romance. A golden haze has rested on the country and the people. The mysteries, and marvels, and supernatural wealth which gratified our childish imagination in the Arabian Nights, have had an unrecognised influence over our maturer thoughts. When we spoke of India, we thought of the barbaric splendour of the Great Mogul, of rajahs on thrones of ivory, of the diamond mines of Golconda, and the paradisiac beauty of the Valley of Cashmere. This vain dream has been rudely disturbed; we are all of us learning at last that India is no fairy land, but a country in which we have to perform some of the most perplexing, arduous, and costly of our natural duties.

We cannot expect that this new solicitude to be faithful to neglected and unfamiliar obligations, will be guided by infallible wisdom. However honest and zealous, it will be sure to blunder.

It will be the duty, therefore, of all who possess or have the time and faculty to acquire accurate information, and to form an intelligent opinion on this great question, to endeavour with the utmost earnestness and courage to communicate their convictions to their countrymen. We entreat our readers not to imagine that the whole thing "lies in a nut-shell," or that any popular cry about the "double" government, Vernon Smith, or the civil service, is the utterance of inspired wisdom, and needs only to be listened to, in order to remedy all the evils of which India has a right to complain.

The subject is surrounded with the most disheartening difficulties. It is hard to procure reliable information; it is even harder to use it when procured. If we want to learn the actual condition of the various races subject to our Indian rule, or the equity, and energy, and wisdom of our government, whom shall we trust? Evidence is volunteered by ex-rajahs and dethroned kings—by princes who were stripped of their authority, because charged with the most oppressive and ruinous policy, and the blackest crimes: such evidence is worthless. If witnesses from among the native merchants and agriculturists of India are brought forward, we cannot forget that habits of treachery and falsehood have so long corrupted the heart and conscience of the Hindoos, that their testimony, even after the most careful sifting, can have very little weight. The servants of the Company must be listened to with caution, for they are interested parties. The general English residents are too jealous of the honours and wealth of the civil service to observe very accurately, or to judge very impartially, however honest may be their intentions. Even the ablest, most trustworthy, and most unprejudiced witnesses may not always be in the best position for helping us in such an inquiry as this. Sometimes their sympathies with distresses which no government can avert, or their indignation at social wrongs which have descended from remote ages and are not susceptible of a sudden remedy, or their close personal contact with the evils which have resulted from arrangements made at first in ignorance of the native rights which they violate—arrangements too complex and extensive to be instantly set aside—will colour very gloomily all their opinions and statements about the influence and justice of British rule. And sometimes, perhaps, their intimacy with the good and noble-hearted men, who abound in the Company's service, and who are honestly anxious in all things to act justly and honourably, to benefit the native population, and not merely to increase their own wealth or assert their own importance, may incline the coolest and wisest Europeans in India to think too well of all our doings there. It would be a great omission, however, if we did not bear our emphatic and cordial testimony to the

value of the evidence to be derived from one important class of European residents, whose opportunities for becoming acquainted with the condition of the people are great, and whose anxiety that the English Government should be faultlessly upright, is strengthened by the highest and holiest of all possible considerations—we mean the representatives of our various missionary organizations. They are a body of men for whose great natural abilities, eminent accomplishments, sound judgment, and fervent zeal, the churches of Europe should be devoutly thanked.

But great as are the obstacles which lie in the way of securing reliable information on the subject, the difficulties of using well the fullest and most accurate knowledge are greater still. Can the evils which are demonstrated to exist in India, be remedied, and remedied at once, by changes in the general government, or repeal of particular laws; or, are they the necessary result of the moral and social conditions of the people? Bad as things are in some parts of the country, are they gradually mending; and mending under the influence of the very arrangements which, at first sight, would appear likely to perpetuate them? Anomalous as are some of the institutions by means of which India is ruled, would their destruction secure for us an abler or more honest race of public functionaries than those that now administer her affairs? Grave questions these, and not to be hastily answered.

The root of the difficulty lies here: no man can dream of giving India a popular government, and yet we are all anxious to give her the benefits which hitherto only such a government has produced. In the long run, no country has ever been well governed which did not govern itself; and yet we are resolved that India shall be governed well, though self-government is impossible. The problem is, how to confer on a vast disorganized continent, after centuries of confusion, all the blessings which we in England enjoy after centuries of social order; how to secure for the corrupt natives of India by means of the despotic rule of a foreign race, the safety, justice, and prosperity which have never yet been secured for any country, except by means of free institutions, worked by an intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic people.

But these perplexing questions must be met, and some solution speedily found. The interests at stake are too serious for indifference to be a venial fault: it would be a great crime. We are the recognised rulers in India of a hundred and thirty millions of people, and have paramount influence over fifty millions more. We dare not neglect them. The mere material resources of the country are far too rich to be thoughtlessly or ignorantly wasted, without great guilt. All the elements of



material prosperity are abundant; between the Carnatic and the Himalayas, the Burrampooter and the Indus, may be found the productions of nearly every climate and nearly every soil. India could supply the world with sugar, hemp, and cotton. Every year vast tracts of land in the north-western provinces are covered with golden corn; and with increased facilities for internal traffic, India might become a corn-exporting country. Millions of sheep and cattle might feed on her boundless and luxuriant pastures. Her mountain-sides are clothed with immense forests of oak, elm, teak, ebony, satin-wood, and cedar, and of all trees valuable for strength or beauty. She produces the most brilliant and the richest dyes, the most gorgeous flowers, the most luscious fruits, the most valuable medicines. Her soil glitters with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. She has mines of iron and coal. The fabulous wealth which Europe expected to find in India, Europe may create there, by transferring to the East the science, the industry, the political justice of the West.

We need not go through the strange story of how this magnificent empire became ours. Our readers know that the first adventurers sought wealth, not dominion; that one of their earliest and most sagacious advisers, Sir Thomas Roe, counselled them to avoid acquiring territory, if they were anxious for their commerce to prosper, and that, as a rule, the East India Company have always tried to act on this counsel, having discovered, to their cost, that as their empire extended their funds diminished; that, nevertheless, their most faithful servants, sometimes, no doubt, fired with political ambition, but more frequently compelled by irresistible necessities, have always left the territories of the Company more extensive than they found them, until, at last, all India is virtually ours. Nor shall we waste a single line in trying to prove that the kingdom, which has thus come into our hands, ought to be firmly held—for the welfare of India as much as for our own. For England to leave the country now, would be to abandon its vast population to the tyranny of wretches like Nena Sahib, and to the ravages and cruelties of those villanous troops whom we ourselves have made formidable. At all costs, we must govern India still, whatever improvements we may introduce into the constitution or the administration of the Indian government—and many improvements are possible.

But it cannot, and need not, be disguised, that we can never hope to maintain peace and order throughout dominions so extensive, peopled, in some of its innumerable provinces, by brave, warlike, and restless races, except by a strong army, as well as just and wise laws. Our first duty to India is, to re-

establish our military supremacy. We are foreigners, and the more vigorous nationalities will sometimes become impatient of our dominion; we are aliens in faith, and superstition and fanaticism will sometimes rise against us with all their malignity and fury; we are sometimes obliged to punish the wickedness of subordinate princes, and all the black arts of Asiatic treachery will be employed, by a spirit of diabolic revenge, to effect our fall. To protect the weak we must be able to check the strong. Our best laws, our most beneficent institutions, will sometimes be misunderstood through ignorance, and sometimes calumniated through malice; and if we are not powerful enough to maintain them, spite of the most formidable resistance, no purity of intention, no political sagacity, will save India from anarchy, and ourselves from ruin. Hence the gravity of that misfortune which has lately fallen upon us. We ruled India by the strong arm, and that arm is suddenly palsied. Military strength is essential to the very existence of our dominion, and in our immense regress, the army has ceased to exist; and more than that, what we relied upon for our safety has aimed at our destruction.

We shall not trouble our readers with a detailed chronological narrative of the sad events which have marked the progress of the mutiny. The innumerable pamphlets and review-articles, which have already appeared, must have made them very familiar with the general outlines of the story. There are a few important aspects of the question, however, which have not, perhaps, received enough notice, and to the consideration of these we shall devote all our space.

It is very certain, that, long before the recent outbreak, the Bengal army had been in a very unsatisfactory state. The causes, we think, are not hard to describe; but whatever doubt and controversy may exist about the origin of disaffection, its existence for months, perhaps years, before its late manifestation can scarcely be questioned. At a special court of inquiry, which sat at Barrackpore, last April, by order of Major-General Hearsey, it was given in evidence by Captain Aubert of the 34th Native Infantry, that as early as May, 1856, he observed a great want of respect on the part of the men towards their European officers. He frequently noticed, for instance, that when he went to the lines, on duty and in uniform, the men did not stand up and give the usual salute; for this, he says, he punished men of his own company, and reported men belonging to other companies.

"Again, when the regiment was coming down by water, in October and November last year (1856), we encountered a severe gale, in

which three boats were wrecked; but not a single sepoy came forward, voluntarily, to assist the European officers in getting their boats out of danger. And, likewise, when the men's boats came into collision with those of the officers, the sepoys who were seated above and looking on, never lent a hand to save their officers' boats from being damaged."—*Appendix to Parl. Papers on Indian Mutiny*, p. 143.

Surely these facts were enough to show that there was reason for infinite caution and vigour in dealing with the native troops, and that some change in the elements or organization of the army was urgently required. We do not believe that the 34th was a whit worse than the rest of the native regiments; for months, 130,000 men had been ripe for revolt. A mere spark was all that was required to produce a tremendous explosion. At last the spark fell. It will be worth while to state minutely the circumstances connected with the original outbreak.

Less than twelve months ago, a Brahmin sepoy belonging to a regiment stationed near Calcutta, was walking to his Chowka to prepare his food, carrying in his hand a lotah (brass pot) full of water; he was met by a low-caste man attached to the magazine or arsenal, who asked for a drink. The sepoy refused, saying, "I have scoured my lotah; you will defile it by your touch." The low-caste man replied, "You think much of your caste; but wait a little, the Sahib-logue will make you bite cartridges soaked in cow and pork fat! and then what will your caste be?" The sepoy spread the report among his comrades, and they instantly became instruments ready for any plot that might be directed against our power.

On the 22nd of January last, Captain Wright, of the 70th Native Infantry, reported this conversation and its results to Major Bontem, the commanding officer at Dum Dum. The same evening, Major Bontem paraded all the native portion of the troops at the depôt, and called for any complaints that the men might wish to prefer; at least two-thirds of the detachment immediately stepped to the front, including all the native commissioned officers. In a manner perfectly respectful, they very distinctly stated their objection to the method of preparing cartridges for the new rifle; the mixture employed for greasing cartridges was opposed, they said, to their religious feelings, and as a remedy, they suggested the employment of a mixture of wax and oil.\*

On the next day, Jan. 23rd, Major Bontem communicated the

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\* Letter of Major Bontem.—Appendix to Parliamentary Papers on Indian Mutiny, p. 3.



letter of Captain Wright, and a statement of the action he had already taken on it, to General Hearsey, the Commander of the Presidency Division of the Bengal Army. General Hearsey forwarded these letters immediately to Calcutta, with the recommendation that the suggestion of the sepoys should be adopted.

Among the thousand and one reckless and unfounded charges brought against the Government, by "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier," is a charge of "apathy," on hearing of the rise of disaffection. We shall quote the paragraphs in which he states this charge, as an illustration of his accuracy, and to convey to our readers just impressions of the caution with which popular pamphlets on this subject should be read. He says:—

"By the middle of the month of February, the discontentment amongst the native regiments at Barrackpore had assumed such an appearance, and had risen to such a height, that General Hearsey, commanding the Presidency Division, found it necessary to assemble the troops, in order to point out to them the absurdity of the fears they entertained for their religion. General Hearsey was a very gallant cavalry officer, well acquainted with the native character; he spoke the language also with rare facility. It was not in his power to do more than harangue the troops, and report their state of mind to the Government; the first he did well, and at the outset with some effect; *but as the second measure produced no explanation or sign* from the head of the military department, the sepoys, still secretly instigated, soon returned to their former state of murmuring against their masters.

"To give one instance of the apathy of the Government at this momentous period, it will suffice to state, that although disaffection had been manifested in the most marked manner, by the sepoys at Barrackpore and Dum Dum, on account of the greased cartridges, towards the end of January, it was not before *the middle of the following month, that Colonel Birch telegraphed to the schools of musketry at Sealkote and Umballah*, to prohibit the use by the sepoys at these stations of the greased cartridges. Long before the message reached Sealkote (in the heart of the Punjab), these cartridges had been distributed to, and used by, the native troops there located."—P. 20.

On page 18 of the same pamphlet (which, by the way, we observe is in its fourth thousand) we are informed:—

"That when the mistake [about greasing the cartridges] was discovered, no disavowal was made by Government for *four months*, and then only in consequence of the outbreak at Meerut! Well aware that the idea had taken possession of the sepoys' minds, Colonel Birch *made no attempt to counteract it*—gave no intimation that the manufacture of greased cartridges had been stopped. He calmly surveyed the mischief his acts had caused, and did—nothing."

Nearly every sentence contains an inaccuracy:—

1. It was not “by the middle of the month of February” that General Hearsey found it necessary to assemble his troops at Barrackpore, and report to the Government: he reported the existence of ill feeling at *Dum Dum* on January 23rd; and on January 28th, nearly three weeks before “the middle of February,” he reported disaffection at Barrackpore; on February 9th, he delivered the harangue which the pamphleteer most justly eulogizes. .

2. The pamphleteer says that, Colonel Birch, the military secretary to the Government of India, “calmly surveyed the mischief his acts had caused, and did—nothing.”

What are the facts? Captain Wright’s report of the conversation between the Brahmin sepoy and the arsenal man, communicated by General Hearsey, reached Colonel Birch on the 26th or 27th of January; and on the 27th, he wrote to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army, authorizing General Hearsey’s suggestion to allow the officer commanding the depôt of musketry, to obtain from the bazaar the ingredients required for the greasing of the cartridges, which the men themselves were to be permitted to make up.

And having thus dealt with the immediate occasion of anxiety, on the same day the dilatory secretary wrote to the Inspector-General of Ordnance, requesting immediate suggestions for removing the objections raised by the sepoys; and saying that if enough goats’ or sheep’s fat was not procurable, some substitute must be found for it, and means be taken to satisfy the sepoys that nothing which could interfere with their caste would be used. The Inspector-General replied that it would be better to allow the men to receive cartridges free from grease, and to apply with their own hands whatever mixture they might prefer.

How long did the apathetic secretary wait before he resolved to act on this suggestion throughout the army? Let the following telegram, which Colonel Birch transmitted to the Adjutant-General on January 28th, explain:—

(Telegraphic.)

“Calcutta, January 27th, 1857.\*

“In order to remove the objections the sepoys may raise to the grease used for the cartridges of the rifle-muskets, *all cartridges are to be issued free from grease*, and the sepoys are to be allowed to apply, with their own hands, whatever mixture suited for the purpose, they may prefer.”

\* This is the date given in the copy of the telegram in the Papers presented to Parliament, and it may possibly have been sent on the 27th; but a letter written by Colonel Birch on the next day, speaks of the telegram as “of this date.”

3. It is alleged by "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier," that disaffection having been manifested at Barrackpore and Dum Dum, on account of the greased cartridges, towards the end of January, "it was not before *the middle of the following month* that Colonel Birch telegraphed to the schools of musketry at Sealkote and Umballah, to prohibit the use of the greased cartridges by the sepoy at those stations." But on the 28th of January, within two days after the information reached him, he writes :—

"Electric telegraph messages, on the subject, have been sent to the officers commanding at Umballah and Sealkote."—*Parl. Papers, Appendix*, p. 5.

We confess that we can find in these facts nothing to sustain the charge of "apathy;" but they have very fully convinced us that we ought not to accept without great caution any statement which rests on the unsupported authority of "One who has served under Sir Charles Napier."

The measures adopted with such promptitude, appear to have accomplished for a time their purpose at Dum Dum; but the report had gone abroad that Government intended to destroy the caste of the sepoy by polluted cartridges, and it was already beginning to work mischief from one end of Bengal to the other. At Barrackpore, the authorities were startled by the burning of the telegraph bungalow, and of several officers' houses; the fires were evidently the work of incendiaries, for Santhal arrows, with lighted match attached to them, were taken out of the burning thatch. The men were paraded, and it was explained that no greased cartridges were to be issued to them; but now a new cause of suspicion was discovered. The *paper* sent from Calcutta for the men themselves to make up, was rather highly glazed, and the sepoy, both officers and men, expressed their fear that, though the Government had withdrawn the greased cartridges, it had resolved to destroy their caste by means of greased paper. General Hearsey spoke to the troops in his manly, energetic way, and it seemed that their fears were removed. But it was soon found that secret meetings continued to be held, and that communications were being made with regiments at neighbouring stations. At Berhampore there was open violence. Even at Calcutta there were symptom of disaffection early in March. On the 25th, a fanatical sepoy, excited by bhang, occasioned disturbance at Barrackpore. On the last day of the month, the 15th was disbanded. The army was evidently in a most critical state, but the appalling extent and deadly nature of the revolt were not revealed till the outbreak



at Meerut, on the 10th of May. The horrors of that Sunday, and of the following Monday and Tuesday, must still be fresh in the memory of our readers. They taught the Indian Government that the Bengal army was rotten throughout.

We have very little sympathy with those who are so busy just now charging the Indian Government, at home and at Calcutta, with enormous and systematic crime; but we cannot acquit the Board of Control, the Directors in Threadneedle Street, or the Council at Fort William, of serious blame, in connexion with the condition of the army. It is very possible that they have been guilty of nothing more than a terrible blunder; but even blunders are sometimes blameworthy. We do not imagine for a moment that, if the Company had been destroyed in 1834, or that if Mr. Bright—for whose earnest interest in the condition of India, however, we feel the most cordial respect, and earnestly hope that his health will soon permit his wisdom, energy, and eloquence, to re-appear in the House of Commons—we do not imagine that if Mr. Bright had presided at the Board of Control instead of the much-abused Mr. Vernon Smith, the condition of the army would have been different. We admit that there is very much to be alleged on behalf of the system which has now been for ever exploded, and that military authorities were so conflicting, that civilians might well excuse themselves from active interference; but we cannot think that any single branch of the Indian Government can be wholly free from blame for permitting the Bengal army to continue so long in a state of utter disorganization. It is true that men of the greatest eminence in the military profession differed about the best means of achieving a reformation; but the greatness of the evil was too obvious not to call for more earnest attention than we believe it received.

It is certain that for a long time the Bengal army has been ripe for revolt. Its "normal state," said General Jacob, some years ago, "must appear to an officer of the Royal or of the Bombay army, as a state of mutiny." He declared that he had known men leave the ranks by hundreds at a time, without leave, to cook or to plunder, and that the European officers had become so accustomed to this disorganization, that they imagined it to be incurable. It is easy enough to invest the sepoy with all the useless frippery of European armies. "He is dressed in a light coat, in trousers in which he can hardly walk, and cannot stoop at all; he is bound to an immense and totally useless knapsack, so that he can hardly breathe; he is strapped, belted, and pipe-clayed within a hair's-breadth of his life; he wears a rigid basket chako on his head, which requires the skill of a juggler to balance there, and cuts deep into his brow if worn

for an hour; and to complete the absurd costume, he wears a leathern stock round his neck.”\* But the discipline and order of the European soldier he has never learned, or quite forgotten.

Among the numerous causes which have been alleged for this monstrous state of things, we attach special importance to the following four: the frequent absence of the European officers from their regiments; the inadequate powers granted to the regimental commander; the mischievous system of granting promotion to the native officers only by seniority; and the recognition of caste prejudices.

Great difference of opinion exists among professional men as to whether the number of European officers attached to each native regiment should be increased or not; on this question we cannot pretend to form a judgment; but, however this may be settled, there can be no doubt that an officer's regiment should be his home. He should find his pride in promoting the order and comfort of the men under his command; their vigour, courage, and loyalty it should be his delight to cultivate. He should take special care to know most thoroughly the native officers; should try to inspire them with attachment to his person, and with confidence in his character, energy, and skill. An army not thoroughly well governed will be dangerous only to its masters; and to leave almost to themselves a hundred and thirty thousand foreign soldiers on whom we rely for maintaining our dominions over their fellow-countrymen is a suicidal policy. Of this policy we have been guilty. “Every officer of a native regiment of the line,” writes General Jacob, “now endeavours to get away from his corps, to escape from regimental duty, by every effort in his power. The ‘*refuse*’ only remain. All proper feeling is thus totally destroyed between the native soldier and his European superior.”† The system which leads to this must be thoroughly changed. The inducements for officers to leave their regiments must, as far as possible, be withdrawn; faithful service, of a strictly military kind, must be recognised as a claim to promotion; the sick furloughs must be more cautiously granted. The officers in the East India Company's Service are chiefly drawn from the middle classes of English society; we are sure there must be moral elements in them which, if rightly cultivated, would make them the noblest race of soldiers in the world. The system has been at fault rather than the men. The Government has given them no motive to live with their regiments; and though there have been numerous and

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\* Quoted, with slight verbal alterations, from General Jacob's Tracts.

† Tracts, p. 24.

glorious exceptions, it cannot be wondered at, that ambition and love of ease have led them to prefer work which has brought more profit and more fame.

Another grave defect in the system of our Bengal army has been its excessive tendency to centralization. In regiments scattered over a vast extent of country, it is especially necessary that the regimental officer should have great power. If he is guilty of gross tyranny, appeal may be made to the highest authorities, but for his control over the men to be firm and vigorous, he should be able swiftly to punish and promptly to reward. So long as the present and visible ruler is fettered by remote and invisible interference, the men will be without any very practical sense of the existence of any authority at all; let him be their master in power as well as in name, and they will speedily get the habit of unhesitating submission. An illustration of the evil of the system of centralization occurred early in the mutiny. When Mungul Pandey was guilty of the outrage at Barrackpore, a Mohammedan orderly, Sheikh Pulta, who courageously and loyally effected the rescue of Lieutenant Baugh, was promoted at once to the rank of havildar by General Hearsey. It was a wise and righteous thing to do; and the moral influence of the promotion evidently depended on the promptness with which it was granted. But, although the Government thoroughly approved of what the General had done, and confirmed it, he was reminded that he had exceeded his powers, in advancing the man without applying for sanction to head-quarters. There is very loud and just complaint on the part of the Bengal officers against this foolish, enfeebling element of the old system.

But the evils we have already referred to, have been grievously aggravated by the inefficiency of the native officers. There was a time, when the native gentlemen of India were glad to carry commissions in our sepoy army. To the influence of their military rank they added the influence of birth and fortune; they were able, therefore, to govern the men. By the system at present existing, they are repelled from our service. The highest military rank open to natives is a very poor affair, and many years must pass before they can arrive at that; and they do not care to spend the prime and vigour of their life in obscure and subordinate positions. Hence the ambition and vigour of the native gentry are lost to us. It would be their pride to rival the Europeans in diligence, in loyalty, and in the hearty and vigorous working of the army, if we only gave them a fair chance; and it is a folly to throw away the kind of service which they would be glad to give us. We have two courses before us: to take the energy and spirit of India into our own



pay, and use them for our own purposes; or to exclude them from all chance of military glory, and so prostrate the most vigorous and manly of its population to perpetual restlessness, plotting, and revolt.

It is alleged that our army would not be safe, if we made its higher appointments open and attractive to the native Mahometan and Hindoo; that in a moment our very strength might become our weakness. But which is safer, to have genius, and ambition, and daring employed in our own ranks, or looking on us with jealousy and secret hatred? And if we cannot find room for the free development of all the higher and more energetic elements of the population of India; if we are not strong enough to rule the strongest of her sons; if our dominions must be sustained by paralyzing her arm and making the currents of her life-blood flow sluggishly, it is time we gave the sceptre into nobler hands. But we believe that the just and the generous path would be the safest path too.

At any rate, the miserable system of promotion only by seniority, which existed among the native officers, must be abandoned. The venerable gentlemen to whom we granted commissions, were the strangest set of officers the world ever saw; objects of compassion to their men, rather than awe, and of ridicule to the enemy, rather than fear. There was no motive to stimulate zeal, or to repress unsoldierly neglect of duty. The stupid were as sure of promotion as the most intelligent; the dullest as the most alert; the most discontented as the most loyal. If they pleased their officers or displeased them, the result was the same—when the time came, they received promotion. If they did their duty well, or shammed it, their chances of higher rank and of higher pay were equally unaffected. And yet, the very highest authorities in the military profession have made this element of the Bengal system, the theme of their special and emphatic eulogy!

The last cause we assigned as having helped to originate the confusion in the Bengal army, out of which this mutiny arose, is the most serious of all. We prefer to state the case as it is put in two of the pamphlets we have named at the head of this article.

Our first extract shall be from the Tracts written by General Jacob. He says:—

“In the Bengal army there is a constant studying of men’s *castes*, which the European appears to think as much of, and to esteem as highly, as do the natives themselves; and the sepoys, instead of looking upon the European officers as superior beings, are compelled to consider them as bad as Hindoos! Instead of being taught to pride themselves on their *soldiership* and discipline, the sepoys are trained

to pride themselves on their absurdities of caste, and think that their power and value are best shown by refusing to obey any orders which they please to say do not accord with their religious prejudices. It is a grave mistake to suppose that religious feelings have any real influence on these occasions; it is a mistake which would be ridiculous, if its consequences were not so serious; but it is certain that the Bengal sepoy is a stickler for his imaginary *rights of caste* for the *sake of increased power*; he knows well that Government never intends any insult to his creed, however absurd it may be; but he knows that by crying out about his caste, he keeps power in his hands, saves himself from many of the hardships of service, and makes his officers afraid of him. This is proved by what takes place in the other armies of India. In the army of Bombay, even a Wurwarree may, and often does, rise to the rank of subahdar by his own merit; in Bengal, such a man would not be admitted into the ranks, for fear of his contaminating those fine gentlemen, the Brahmins; yet in the Bombay army, the Brahmin (father, brother, or son, may be, of him of Bengal) stands shoulder to shoulder in the ranks, nay! sleeps in the same tent with his Wurwarree fellow-soldier, and dreams not of any objection to the arrangement. If this subject be mentioned to a Bombay Brahmin sepoy, as it is sometimes by *Bengal* officers, who are always asking the men about their caste, the ready answer is, 'What do I care; is he not a soldier of the state?' The reply speaks volumes, and shows a state of affairs which the officers of the Bengal army *cannot conceive*."—P. 7.

Still more remarkable is the language of the "Bombay Officer;" and, let it be remembered, these words were written six years ago. On page 13, he writes:—

"The effect of enlisting men of a certain caste, or creed, to the exclusion of others in the Indian army, is to subject that army to the control, not of the Government and of the articles of war, but to that of Brahmins and Goseins, Moolahs and Fakheers. By this system, a man is not to be chosen on account of his fitness to be a soldier, his willingness and strength, docility and courage; but because he is a twice-born worshipper of Vishnu. Whatever his other qualifications, if a man think that a stone with a patch of red paint on it is not to be worshipped as the Creator, still more, if he have been a shoemaker, etc., then he is not to be admitted into the ranks of the Bengal army, for fear of offending the lazy and insolent Brahmins. The consequences are ruinous to discipline. BY REASON OF THIS A NATIVE SOLDIER, IN BENGAL, IS FAR MORE AFRAID OF AN OFFENCE AGAINST CASTE, THAN OF AN OFFENCE AGAINST THE ARTICLES OF WAR, AND BY THIS MEANS A DEGREE OF POWER RESTS WITH THE PRIVATE SOLDIER, which is entirely incompatible with all healthy rule.

"TREACHERY, MUTINY, VILLANY OF ALL KINDS, MAY BE CARRIED ON AMONG THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS, UNKNOWN TO THEIR OFFICERS, TO ANY EXTENT, WHERE THE MEN ARE OF ONE CASTE OF HINDOOS,

AND WHERE THE RULES OF CASTE ARE MORE REGARDED THAN THOSE OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE. To such an extent does this evil exist, that I have known a Bengal commanding officer express his regret at being compelled to discharge an excellent sepoy, because the other men had discovered him to be of inferior caste, and had demanded his dismissal. To a Bombay officer, such a state of affairs appears incredible; it amounts to open mutiny; but it is the normal state of the Bengal army at present. It is curious, that though the Bengal sepoys have contrived to have it believed that their religion is concerned in this business of caste, in our ranks nothing is further from the truth. In conjunction with the system of promotion which prevails, this ATTENTION TO CASTE KEEPS ALL REAL POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS; and, as they think, saves them from much trouble and annoyance; but, when they assert that this evil is a necessary consequence of their religion, the Bengal sepoys state the contrary to the truth. This is positively proved by that which takes place in the army of Bombay, wherein hundreds and thousands of men from Hindoostan, from the same villages, of the same caste, and even of the same families, brothers by the same fathers and mothers, as the fine gentlemen of the Bengal army, are seen in the ranks, shoulder to shoulder, nay, even sleeping in the same tent with the Mahratta, the Dher, and the Wurwarree, without scruple or thought of objection. The one prides himself on being a Hindoo; the other on being a soldier. Which pride is the best for our purpose? This system of regarding caste is the original cause of many other evils in the Bengal army; and much of what has been said, regarding the adoption of Asiatic manners, tells again heavily here. The Bombay sepoy, whatever faults he may have, has one great excellence, which is, that he looks on the European soldier as his model in all things pertaining to soldiership, and endeavours to imitate him. Like the European soldier, the native sepoy of Bombay will turn his hand to any labour which he may be ordered to execute.

"If the lines require clearing, &c., &c., a working party of sepoys is ordered out as a matter of course, with pickaxe and powrah, and the work is well done. The technical term 'working party,' is as familiar in the mouth of a Bombay sepoy, as 'shoulder arms.' Nay, I have known more than once, the men of a Bombay regiment to volunteer for such work as building their officers' houses, mess-room, &c., and to do the work well too, making the bricks, mixing the mud, &c., &c., entirely themselves. This would not be credited by the greater part of the Bengal army, and to such a state of helplessness has the recognition of caste in the ranks brought the Bengal sepoy, that a regiment of native cavalry, as I have repeatedly witnessed, is unable to picket, unsaddle, or groom its horses, until the arrival of its syces and grass-cutters, sometimes, as I have seen, for several hours after the arrival of the regiment at its ground. In a Bombay regiment, before that time had elapsed, the horses would have been picketed, groomed, fed, and watered, stables would have been over, the tents pitched, and the men have had their breakfast. To such



an incredible extent has this helplessness been carried and recognised by authority, that a Bengal sentry cannot think of striking the gong at his own quarter-guard; and men called 'Gunta-Wandays' are actually maintained, and paid for by Government, to do this duty for them. It is the *Khansamann*, *Kitmutgar*, *Hookah-burdar*, &c., &c., over again. The remedy is obvious; never allow any reference to caste when enlisting the men. If others now in the service object, let them be told that Government does not care one pin whether its sepoy be Hindoos, or Mussulmans, or Brahmins, or Wurwarrees, so long as they be good soldiers, and that, if they do not like the rules of the service, they may leave it. If they still object or make any difficulty about the matter, discharge them on the spot. There are millions of better men ready to occupy their places."

We prefer to leave the strength of these statements unimpaired by any comment. Whoever may govern India in future, and whatever may be the form of her government, as long as she still remains among the possessions of England, we are confident that this homage to one of the vilest and most pernicious institutions of heathendom will never be suffered to be re-established.

The army, then, from these causes being in a state of complete disorganization, was a terrific instrument ready to the hand of any whose ambition or malignity might aim at our destruction. We had not only suffered the sepoy of Bengal habitually to violate all military discipline; we had petted and patronized their absurdest prejudices, humoured their most monstrous whims, treated their religious scruples with a veneration more devout than they obtained from the devoutest of their own faith and people; and, at last, the punishment of our folly came upon us. The army had not been thrown into a state of disaffection by the imprudent zeal of the missionaries, for missionaries were not suffered to enter the sepoy lines; and the regions where the mutiny has assumed its most terrible form, were precisely those most recently, and most inadequately, occupied by the great Evangelistic societies. Nor can the disaffection be traced to the policy of Lord Dalhousie; it had begun before his lordship's reign commenced, and sprang from causes which "annexation" neither originated nor strengthened. But were not our sepoy regiments largely recruited from Oude, and must not the extinction of the monarchy of Oude have excited the patriotic fervour of her people? Look at the facts. Out of every thousand men in a regiment, eight hundred were commonly Hindoos, the remaining two hundred were chiefly Mahometans and Sikhs. The government of Oude was Mahometan and was guilty of systematic and horrible oppression. The Hindoo subjects of that kingdom—and these

constituted an immense majority of its inhabitants—groaned under the despotism which crushed them—a despotism which, by treaty, we had obliged ourselves to maintain. But the treaty which required us to keep the King of Oude on his throne, carried with it the duty to see that the administration was not intolerably corrupt; and when it proved, that to preserve the government would be to ruin the people, our duty was clear and urgent. If the ranks of the sepoy army had been crowded with men devoted to the princes of Oude, we trust that the justice and courage of the British government would have been equal to the stern task of daring the malcontents to do their worst. But the natives of Oude had fled into our ranks to escape the tyranny of their native rulers—rulers who professed a faith surrounded with traditions which must make it infinitely more hateful to the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva than the faith of Christ. In dethroning the King of Oude we crushed a government which was cordially hated by four-fifths of the men who have revolted against us; we crushed a government which the people of Oude were indignant and astonished we had so long sustained.

It is a remarkable fact that even the Mahometan sepoys do not appear to have laid to heart what some English writers have spoken of as the real cause of the rising. It is evident, from the Appendix to the Papers recently laid before Parliament, that the Mahometan sepoys, instead of being the moving spirits in the revolt, were among the last to join it.

But we have no doubt that this last act of Lord Dalhousie's reign has had something to do with the calamities which have recently come upon us. We do not believe, for a moment, that the annexation of Oude kindled a flame of indignation throughout sepoy army, and that it was by the fierce revenge for insulted national honour that British power in the East nearly perished; but we do think that there are tolerably clear signs that the princes of Oude who had been stripped of their pomp, and the statesmen who had lost their power, determined to revenge, and if possible, to retrieve their misfortunes, by employing against us the disaffection of our native troops. The time has not yet come for tracing to its remote and secret origin that web of conspiracy in which we have been involved; but we have little doubt that the guilt will ultimately be traced to the servants of these princes, who through the combined influence of the hospitality and the love of sight-seeing so characteristic of Englishmen, we recently "lionized" from one end of the kingdom to the other.

This, then, is our theory of the "origin of the mutiny." The Bengal army was corrupt to its very core; the explanation of

this corruption we have attempted to offer. Old traditions were floating about India, that as the battle of Plassey had been the beginning of our greatness, its centenary would witness our fall. Mahometan statesmen were eager to make a last attempt to recover their old supremacy; the splendid but absurd pageant of empire at Delhi was fast fading away, and the kingdom of Oude had recently been extinguished. They thought their time had come. They knew that our native army, numbering 140,000 men, could easily be prevailed to mutiny; and they probably believed what the journals of England had said but a year or two before, about the wretched condition of our army at home, and the miserable feebleness of our Government. Their emissaries tampered with the remaining loyalty of the sepoys, by working on their religious prejudices—and tampered successfully. And hence came Meerut and Delhi—the cowardly slaughter of brave men—the fiendish desecration of gentle women—the torture of little children: and hence will come in the future, an interest far deeper in all English hearts in the condition of our Indian empire; a bolder policy on the part of our Indian government; and a new and brighter epoch for the millions subject to our sway.

After all that we have read and thought about this matter, it is impossible for us in England to conceive the portentous magnitude of this disaster. Last January, the native army of Bengal and the North-West Provinces numbered nearly 140,000 men, who carried English arms, knew something of the military tactics of the West, and had proved their prowess on many famous battle-fields. These myriads rose *en masse*, under the inspiration of natural antipathy against an alien race, and under the inspiration of religious fanaticism against the followers of an antagonistic and aggressive faith. At the outside, the number of English troops in the country could not have been more than 27,000 men; and these were scattered in small detachments over an immense country. It would have been no wonder if the “hearts of men had failed them for fear;” but through the darkest and most terrible hours of the calamity, the little bands of our countrymen with their women and children, settled in all the great native towns, had no apprehensions concerning the ultimate issue of the struggle. Their hearts were cool and firm even in their agonies. Those who died, died all of them with the courage of heroes, and many of them with the triumphant hopefulness of Christians.

The government at Calcutta and the Government at home showed a spirit and energy for which it is shameful not to give them credit. Early in the revolt, Lord Canning sent for the 84th, from Rangoon, and it is probable that within six weeks



after the outbreak at Meerut, he had procured from the Cape, Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the China expedition, about 9,000 men. As soon as the tidings from India became at all serious, regiment after regiment was sent out from England with marvellous rapidity. As late as the 1st of June, a letter from the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*, had appeared in that journal, expressing a hope that the mutiny had received a check, and would soon be over. On the 8th of June, however, a short telegram appeared in the same columns, with the news about the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi. This was the signal for action. During the month of July, three-and-twenty ships, crowded with troops, left our shores; and during the month of August, two-and-twenty more. By the 10th of September, 26,000 men had been despatched; and by the 10th of November, the number had risen to 36,000. We believe that the promptness and energy of the English Government, in this crisis of our affairs, can scarcely be paralleled.

Though our troubles are not quite over, we think that we may congratulate ourselves that we have endured the worst. Our concern now begins to turn towards the future. That there will be great debate about Indian affairs during the next few years is certain. Perhaps, the time has come, not only for changes in policy, but also for changes in the constitution. It is by no means improbable that the government may be re-organized.

Great care, however, will be necessary lest changes of policy, most honestly designed, should result most ruinously. There will certainly be need for unremitting watchfulness and courageous action on the part of all who believe in the great principles of civil and religious liberty, to prevent the adherents of the Establishment founding innumerable bishoprics, and endowing an army of mercenaries. Whatever obloquy may come upon us for resisting these measures must be unflinchingly met. All we have a right to ask for Christianity—all she really needs to secure her triumph—all it would be well for her to have—is a fair and open field, and no hindrance from Government. This we shall be sure to obtain.

And organic changes will also require calm, intelligent, patient consideration, as well as a philanthropic zeal for the welfare of India. At present there is the wildest confusion of thought among the most honest men with regard to what ought to be done. In one breath they complain of the policy of annexation as the root of all our misgovernment; and in the next, demand that the Court of Directors should be abolished, because they have governed the country on mere trading principles.

Now, as the spirit of conquest and the spirit of commerce are utterly antagonistic in themselves, and have proved, throughout the history of India, to be inconsistent in practice, these two points in the long indictment against the Indian government need a little revision. The great cure for India, it is said, is to bring her completely under the control of the Crown; and hardly is the panacea proposed before all her wrongs are traced to Cannon Row and Mr. Vernon Smith, or to Fort William and the Governor-General. But those who cry for the destruction of the Company, *ought* to show that governors-general and presidents of the Board of Control have been always trying to do right things for India, but have always been thwarted by the "traditional policy" of Leadenhall Street.

We shall have other opportunities for expressing our convictions in reference to the principles on which any organic changes in the Indian government should be conducted.

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#### ART. IV.—MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

*Monarchs Retired from Business.* By Dr. Doran. In Two Volumes. London: Richard Bentley. 1857.

*Old Curiosity Shop* is the title that should stand like a sign-board on the front of all Dr. Doran's books,—nay, if we might use the lawyers' privilege, we should say without prejudice it ought to hang on the Doctor's own frontispiece; for certainly his brain and his books are filled with the rarest, queerest, richest collection of oddities that were ever crammed together, in any storehouse, *mental* or *mural*, on this side of the lunar limbo. We have heard of pudding-stone in which glittering flakes of mica and green fibres of hornblende are wrapped up with the broken stumps of an ichthyosaur's teeth, the splintered curls of an ammonite's shell, the bark and leaves of *oolites*, ferns, and myriads of *nodules*, containing other relics of the past, from every geological epoch. No such conglomerate can give an idea of Dr. Doran's books, which are studded with historical facts, thick as mountain limestone with shells; all of them, too, as odd as the sprawling, comic, blotchy beings that creep over the polished slab of lime-

stone marble, brought from the Derbyshire quarries. There is no age of the world's history, from which he has not raked up some monster, graceful or horrible, and set it in the cabinet of his works for the amusement and edification of his countrymen.

Surely, such a man is as valuable a national institution as the British Museum, where sawdust mummies, dainty humming-birds, and other rarities are collected and preserved, at a most costly expense, for the enlightenment of the British nation—not one of them either more worthy of preservation or more effectually preserved than the facts concerning human life, which Dr. Doran has so laboriously accumulated, and so courteously exhibited to the public. Amber is good not merely to preserve, but also to exhibit the creatures which have had the good fortune to die and gain a golden immortality amidst its lustre. So, while we have referred to pudding-stones to show the number, to encrinital leaves to illustrate the oddity, and to the British Museum to express the value of the facts which Dr. Doran collects; we must betake ourselves to amber, to convey an idea of the brief style in which he narrates his facts. His language is lucid as amber, so that you see clearly whatever it may be his whim to embalm therein; whether it be the description of an extinct species of fly, or of Domitian the fly-killer. But there is also a polish and a warm colouring about his style, which may not inaptly be represented by the glossy, yellowish, electric light of amber. It is never a pure white light which shines in the Doctor's pages, and which we should imagine is abhorrent to his soul. He loves best that glowing light which glitters behind trees at sunset, and makes them stand like spectres amid its burning; which overflows the skies like a sea of fire, bathing the clouds with spray-dashed waves of flame, till they catch the bright reflection, and seem the jaspered walls of a heavenly city, and which gives a strange, mysterious, yet beautiful aspect to everything, in earth and heaven, which it tinges. So it seems to us as if, in his books, there were the flushing of that orange sunset colour, which best represents to our mind the humorous and brilliant temper of an Irishman, and which, as shed on his pages, powerfully enhances the fantastic effect of the quaint objects among which it plays.

We have assumed in these remarks, that our readers were acquainted with the name of the author, whose recent work again brings him before them; even if they have only heard the titles of his works, they will have got a very accurate notion of the man. There is no disguise about him; like a true Irishman, he lets you know, by the first sentence he speaks, from what country he comes, and what sort of entertainment you may expect. Mark the pun of the title of his first book, which only



wants the roll of a genuine Irish accent to excite at once the good-humour of the reader from its native and covert wit: "Knights and their Days." So his next work is entitled "Table Traits, and Something on them," which introduces them to a most savoury feast of every conceivable dish that history records or fancy suggests, as having pleased, or being likely to please, the palate of man. And so again, with irresistible drollery, he indites his present work, filled with the sayings and doings of deposed or abdicated monarchs, "Monarchs Retired from Business." Such humour as is seen to twinkle roguishly through these eyelets in the title-pages of his works, overflows and runs, like an indescribable sense of titillation, through the entire body of them. There is not a single page but glows tremulously, like rubbed amber, with that quick, merry light of humour: quips and quirks, puns and *bon-mots*, are let off as fast and plentiful as crackers on the fifth of November. Pleasant half-incredible stories are told with a cautious elegance, which wins our belief, till, at the close, with a sudden dash of persiflage, and a quizzical look, he lets us see the hoax he has been playing. Even grave and true historical incidents cannot be told by him, without some little episode occurring in which, as by a safety-valve, he lets off the surplus laughter, which has been generated while the serious portion of his narrative has been going on. There must be for him something gay and cheerful, even among sternest and saddest facts, just as we see flowers bloom and children romp over the graves of a churchyard.

Regiments march to battle accompanied with the roll of drums; gay pennons flutter at the edge of the deadly lance-points; and soldiers wear, in recruiting times, long ribbon strips whistling around their ears. So, at least, Dr. Doran sees them, as he sees everything else, when they wear an air of gaiety upon them, and may inspire his readers with a similar mood. Happy man! instead of sitting down to criticize him and his works, how much we wish that we had grasped his hand in friendly welcome, and were sitting down with him on a sofa, in order to hear from his own lips some more of those exquisite tales, which gives such a charm to his writing, but *must* be yet *more* piquant and interesting when told, as we are sure he is able to tell them, with accent and action to suit. Our readers will sympathize with this wish, which, if we may venture upon the soft impeachment, is one they are often guilty of. Have they not often wished, after reading a genial book, that they could spend an evening with the author, and listen to his humour when effervescing in the free and happy licence of a social party, and set off with its natural accompaniments of a laughing eye, a brightening face, and rapidly varied modulations of the voice? In

a certain epoch of a young man's literary history, author-hunting is a mania. A glimpse of a favourite author in a crowd, an hour spent with him in a drawing-room, a day's privileged companionship with him in a summer pic-nic, will be found calendared in the memory of a youth passing through this stage of development, like saints' days in the almanack, by blood-red marks. Long acquaintance with authors and authorship, and that rude familiarity into which, as reviewers, we are often driven with members of that craft, have disenchanted us from any such illusion, if ever it possessed us; and we regret to say, even the most distinguished men appear, to our imagination, very much in their common flesh-and-blood aspect, with heads shorn of the aureolus halo, but mercifully covered, like our own, with good black or brown, native or borrowed hair.

So it is not with any romantic fancies, but from a thorough liking of the man, that we wish our office were somewhat different; that we were friendly listeners, instead of being the critics of Dr. Doran. Yet, after such an introduction, neither the Doctor nor our readers need fear that we shall be unamiable critics. The Doctor has taken the best means to prevent harsh treatment at our hands. It would be as difficult and as base to buffet the smiling face of a friend, as to attack savagely such an honest, good-humoured writer as Dr. Doran. He has infected us with his own spirit; and so, for once, we intend to play truant to our profession, and hold a pleasant parley with our natural enemy—the Author.

The first chapter is a medley, and reads like a short-hand report of an evening's gossip with literary friends about his own book; so diversified are its contents, and yet so pleasantly grouped and linked together. All the probable derivations of the word King are traced, and its cognate forms, Cynung (Anglo-Saxon), Konung (Swedish), Kuningas (Finnish), Khan (Tartar), are given; while in skittish mood the hyperbolic conjectures of zealous antiquarians are detailed with ironical gusto; as in the case of those who affect to see the grand original of King in Kenan (an uncle of Seth), who was especially appointed by Heaven ruler of the universe, or the few who assert that the original of the word is in Cain, which may mean “a profession,” or “to envy,” or “to lament,” with all of which kings have much to do! Then with the graceful ease of a conversation, which is most agreeable in an introductory chapter, the Doctor begins to tell old and marvellous tales, both fabulous and true, about crowns, titles, and dynasties, interspersed with many wise saws about the philosophy, rights, and responsibilities of royalty. Our readers will like to learn whence came the shape, and along with it the virtue of a royal crown, which was first made and

worn by Nimrod, according to the story which the Doctor has pilfered from the Rabbins, for our behoof. "Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsman in gold who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod by Heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown, which the king for ever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory. This is, perhaps, the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible, that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable—King—here discussed."

That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and Kenaz, which implies "hunting," is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers.

Once in the realm of traditions, however, and there is no end to the misty phantom legends that glide out of the graves of the past.

So, although Nimrod, who lived three hundred and forty years after the Flood, be the first king named by Moses, it seems there is a tradition of a royal Chaldean dynasty before the Deluge; of this apocryphal line, there is said to have been ten kings. One monarch is said to have reigned upwards of ten thousand years; the sway of another lasted, we are told, above sixty-four thousand years; and the dynasty itself endured the amazing period of nearly half a million of years!

Who that has drawn up an address or petition to any royal or noble personage, but has had to ransack court-book, or letter-writer, to know the precise epithets with which to preface his paper, and the order of etiquette in which those select adjectives should be arranged? An omission of one of those pompous polysyllables, decked out flunkey-wise in the most gorgeous attire, through which we must cautiously spell our way to the sacred name enshrined within their glory, were a fatal crime, insuring the instant and contemptuous dismissal of our suit. Dr. Doran, therefore, to help us to perfect correctness in such an important matter, gives us a brief history of those titles by which royalty and other eminences have been encumbered. "Grace," "Excellent Grace," were assumed by Henry IV. and Henry VI. Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty,"



and James I. prefixed to the last title "Sacred and most Excellent." Such inferior and commonplace titles as "Illustrious," "Excellence," were early dismissed by the higher magnates, and left for the petty, mud-blooded nobles, who picked up the crumbs falling from their tables. Then their brains were racked to discover some terms more magniloquent, and worthy of their altogether unutterable greatness. Cardinals, despising to be illustrious, and not choosing to share excellence, first with princes and next with their representatives, pronounced themselves "Eminent," and have since remained so. If cardinals have screeched so high in the gamut of flattery, to what an intolerable pitch must we rise, to express the quality of King!

Some of them became "Super-illustrious;" but the new word Majesty, formerly ascribed to the Heavenly King, was happily descried by Charles V., as befitting his state, and the high-sounding appellation was immediately adopted by all existing sovereigns, as it has been by their successors. In such foolish rivalry, as might be imagined, the more helpless and wretched the monarch, the more swelling was the retinue of mighty sounds with which his name was attended. "Most Serene" is the title of many a royal tattooed savage; but all, savage or civilized, are eclipsed by the King of Ava, who, if any of us should address him, must thus be styled—God, King of Kings, Preserver of all Life, Regulator of the Seasons, Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother to the Sun, and King of the four-and-twenty Umbrellas!

Dr. Doran has wisely confined his survey to the more luminous periods of history, when the light of civilization gives relief and brilliancy to the chief national events that occur, and at the same time photographs them distinctly in the contemporary annals of the time. We *get glimpses*, however, into the dark, outlying sphere of savagery, which surrounds the luminous zone. There kings seem plentiful as crows. The chief of every miserable tribe, or the tyrant of every shepherd hamlet, is dubbed a king, and engaged in perpetual conflict; their wars are as unworthy of notice, in Milton's words, "as the wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air."

Had Dr. Doran recorded the abdications of those times, his work had been interminable; for if kings' thrones were as numerous as crows, and their wars as worthless, they fell from their perch as easily and as thickly as rooks on a shooting day. In the Book of Judges we are told that Adoni-Bezek made seventy of them abdicate their thrones, and crawl, thumbless and great-toeless, beneath his table for their food, till Joshua, the leader of the Israelites, avenged their ignominy and torture, by condemning him to a like fate. Let his history suffice as a

specimen of the barbarity so happily shrouded from us in those dark ages.

No maxim of political philosophy is better grounded, than that the restraints to the power of a monarch, whether constitutional or otherwise, must be drawn from the moral strength of a people. No matter whether there be restrictive laws or not, if there be not a majesty in public opinion that can overawe the majesty of the throne, these laws will be summarily dispensed with. Among a feeble, faithless, and cowardly people, despotism is the best, as it is the only possible form of government. Self-rule, with such a people, would be morally impossible, and if possible, would be the most diabolical and destructive policy that can be conceived. Hence, among the nations of the East, despotism has been universal and prescriptive. The people have never risen even to the conception of another sort of policy. Dynasties have succeeded each other, kings are murdered, plots and counterplots keep their courts in a perpetual fray; but the poor, submissive people look on with dull, ox-like patience, nor dream that the power for which the tyrants brawl, belongs to themselves. *In the East*, then, we see the perfect development of despotism; there its influence has been unadulterated by other commingling elements. One of its evils is forcibly presented in this work, viz., its insecurity.

It has show of strength. Power, when concentrated in the hands of a single man, may be wielded with an energy, directness, and immediate success impossible to a constitutional government; but it is sooner expended. The caution necessary in a constitutional government seems to check, but in fact reserves the national strength, which, coming more slowly into play, tells as long as the trial lasts, with continually increasing effect. Then, in despotism, everything depends upon the king; according to his caprice or capacity, the character of the government is determined. At his death it ceases. Ambition, therefore, is pointed to but one end, namely, to reach this sublime, irresponsible position; and it uses the most nefarious means to accomplish its object.

While the despot, haunted by suspicion, defends himself by a system of espionage and cruelty, which feeds the very suspicion that uses it, and exasperates his secret enemies to open violence. In such a state of things, we are not surprised that the despot's life is everywhere unsafe, and that terrific convulsions frequently burst out in despotic governments, during which kings are slain and dynasties changed; while the suffering country settles down, after enduring the horrors of a civil war, under new but equally arbitrary rulers.

"One characteristic of the Asiatic sovereignties," writes Dr. Doran,

"is their want of permanency. With an appearance of solidity, there has been a continual crumbling away. There are admirers of Asiatic despotisms who assert the contrary, and who point to China in support of their assertion. But, with regard to the various sovereign families which have reigned in China, from Sai-Long to Sint-Choo, it may be observed that the last, and reigning dynasty is *not* Chinese, and also, that of the twenty-two dynasties which have been permitted to govern China, each one, without exception, since the first, has succeeded by rebellion, assassination, deposition, or the suicide of the last king of the preceding dynasty. It was the want of affection and duty on the part of his people, which drove the very last emperor of the Chinese race, Whay-Tsang, to hang himself in despair, and leave his throne to the Mongol line of traitors, by whom it is still usurped."

Since nothing is known, however, of the countless monarchs who have been rudely obliged to retire from their beggarly business of despotism, in these Eastern nations, Dr. Doran is unable to write anything of them; but when he comes to Western lands and more modern times, the light of history breaks upon him, and he tells us what he has learned about the different kings in different countries, who have willingly or moodily resigned their high office. His sketches are interesting historical studies; but they are equally interesting to the philosopher, showing him how these men comport themselves in such a tremendous transition; with what whimsical weakness they condole themselves, or with what heroism they brave their fate. To this catalogue of retired monarchs, Britain, France, Prussia, and other European nations contribute their quota, while others come from ancient Rome and the Eastern Empire.

We select one from the catalogue, the greatest and most famous of all; whose life in retirement pales before the splendour of his fearfully glorious reign, but yet attracts us with an intense curiosity. We shall condense the narrative given by Dr. Doran, to bring it within the limits of an article. From our epitome, however, our readers will learn what sort of information is treasured in the book, and the interesting style in which this information is conveyed.

Napoleon the Great. Corsica was his island home. His family originally came from Florence in Italy; when, strange to say, it was zealously anti-French, in those days when France sought a preponderating influence in the conclave of cardinals, and election of the pope. His father was a sorry advocate with but a poor practice, and had a large family of thirteen children, of whom eight survived. Joseph was the eldest son; Napoleon the second, but by teasing and thumping



soon gained the ascendancy over his indolent eldest brother. Those who have looked upon the face of his mother Letitia know from which of his parents Napoleon derived that majestic countenance, which embodied so strikingly his imperious soul. Her portrait has impressed us almost as much as her son's; and we have been struck with the exact similarity, both in the splendid type of their features and the unique expression that irradiates them. Who that visited that family, and saw the romping group of children in the lawyer's garden, with their stately mother moving gently among them, could have foretold their future destiny, when they shared among themselves the crowns of Europe? No fairy romance has ever painted anything more gloriously improbable. And yet, in the lawyer's home, there was a severe simplicity which seemed anything but romantic. "The children," says the Abbé Nasica, "were brought up simply, after the fashion of their country, and with primitive strictness. It was almost as if you were being in a convent; prayers, sleep, study, refreshment, pleasure, promenade—everything went by rule and measure. The greatest harmony, a tender and sincere affection prevailed among all the members of the family. It was, in those days, a pattern to the town, as it afterwards became its ornament and boast."

In his tenth year, young Napoleon was sent to the military school, at Brienne. This was the year 1779, when the first mutter of the awful simoom that was to whirl its murderous crest towards heaven, and sweep over France, began to be faintly heard. For eight weary years he served as lieutenant in the army, waiting for promotion; but when, by his bold and brilliant *coup-de-main*, he saved the revolutionary army from the shame of defeat, and delivered Toulon into their hands, he was instantly exalted to the rank of general of brigade. Again, when the sections of Paris rose in revolt against the Convention, and in the depths of revolution the lower depths of anarchy were yawning, Napoleon, with a resolute daring which alone could save his country, faced the hordes that poured along St. Antoine, and repulsed them with the red glare and murderous boom of the cannon he had rattled up to the charge. No other man in France could have quelled that revolt. His sovereignty was instantly confessed. He sprang into reputation, and, now there remain twenty years between his rise and his final fall, in 1815,—exactly a score of years, the memory of which has been seared upon the heart of Europe by fiery wounds that will never be forgotten.

These we pass over, with the exception of his first retirement from business into private life at Elba. On the 3rd of May,

1814, he landed on the island which he had selected for his kingdom. The inhabitants of the island were proud of his sovereignty and faithful in their homage, and he was faithful to them. From the first day, Napoleon entered into the business of his kingdom—its revenues, productions, prospects, alliances, army, and national flag—as though he were content to reside there for ever; but he was not content. His vast, impetuous mind had managed the interests of an entire continent, and been roused to a fixed, unnatural wakefulness by the insatiate hunger of ambition. Such petty trifling as now engaged his attention only chafed his mind by its littleness; it was sufficient to keep the great energies of his mind awake in their utmost play; but it gave them nothing to work upon, so they revolved upon themselves like millstones that grind into dust. His mother and sister lived with him, and his house was alive with gaiety; but the desperate gloom of his soul was not dispelled, till it broke into the fiery purpose of re-conquering France. He despised, and knew that France despised, the imbecility of the Bourbons. *Little words* passed, like electric sparks, between him and his army. He felt, by sympathy, the smothered sentiments of wrath and shame that smouldered over France. He determined to give them vent in another wild conflagration.

The congress of monarchs was sitting at Vienna, on the 1st of March, 1815, adjusting the affairs of France, when Napoleon landed on its shores. Quickly the die had been cast, and quickly his doom was sealed; at the end of three months, he and his opponent met, reminding us of the encounter, so magnificently described by Schiller in his *Thirty Years' War*, between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein at Lutzen: a place—Schiller says, in words we may apply to Waterloo—which made Europe know its greatest warrior, and gave a conqueror to him, who had never yet been conquered. (*Sollte Europa seinen ersten Kriegsfürsten kennen lehren, und einen Überwinder dem nie Überwundenen geben.*)

When defeated, Napoleon wisely preferred to commit himself to the generosity of that nation he had envied and feared in his proudest days. He placed himself under the protection of the British flag, on board the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland. He was then transferred to the *Northumberland*, in which he was conveyed to St. Helena, the prisoner of Europe. Though only forty-six years of age, he was now politically dead, and even his soul seemed suddenly to die away, entombed beneath the miseries that had fallen upon him. No more painful contrast has been witnessed on earth, than between the strong, majestic, and defiant air of Napoleon the Emperor, and the puny fretfulness of

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Napoleon the Prisoner. French poets have sung frantic odes about his sublime, unvanquished heroism, chained upon that island, like Prometheus upon the rock, and defying as grandly the vulture oppressors that lusted and preyed on the agonies of his torn and quivering heart.

It is but a pitiful tale, however, when we turn to read the sober narrative of facts.

There is no grandeur in his bearing. He had strength—terrific strength to command; but he had no strength for that infinitely higher task, to endure. He who ruled armies could not rule himself. Hence, instead of a calm, proud submission to a fate which was inevitable—which had been, next to death at Waterloo, the noblest termination to his career—he writhed in weak and furious impatience; he resented the restraint put on him as insults, and inhaled, as his only anodyne, the fumes of flattery which his devoted attendants burnt in perpetual incense before him. It is amusing to read of the petty strife, the mimic war of diplomacy, in which Napoleon and his troupe engaged to retain the name and style of Emperor. In this *matter* there was loss of honour on both sides, for it was weakness on our part to deny, what it was so unutterably weak in him to pine for, and storm about, as a child about its bauble.

Sir George Cockburn sternly refused to acknowledge his title as Emperor, and styled him General Buonaparte. Sir Hudson Lowe proposed, as a compromise, that the name Napoleon Buonaparte—a name too glorious in itself to borrow lustre from any prefix—should be employed as one which might be as justly used on the one side, as acknowledged on the other.

There was another point of discipline which gave exquisite annoyance to Napoleon, while it had to be enforced with the most rigorous care by the governor of the island; namely, the keeping of a proper surveillance over his person. To manage this with as much delicacy as was compatible with security, it was only required that he should be seen twice within the twenty-four hours by an officer. The ludicrous incidents to which this gave rise are given in Dr. Doran's own words. The Emperor himself had once remarked that from the sublime to the ridiculous there was only one step. That step was the one between the fallen Emperor and the officer who was for ever endeavouring to get a glance at him, and from whom the illustrious captive was constantly "dodging."

Poor Captain Nichols was sometimes on his feet during twelve hours, hovering round the house at Longwood, endeavouring his very utmost to perform his painful duty courteously, and finding constant obstruction in his way. At one time the best proof that could be got of the safe custody of

the captive, was the ringing of the bell of his private room! On another occasion, the officer was obliged to be content with perceiving Napoleon's cocked hat swaying from side to side at the dinner-table, but he could not tell on whose head it might have been. Again, considerable was the satisfaction, on another occasion, at perceiving Napoleon on horseback, taking a healthy ride within his limits, and attended by one of his household. The officer had the captive in view during this equestrian excursion, by means of his glass.

The ride occurred more than once, but suspicion seems to have been aroused with regard to the chief horseman.

With the arousing of suspicion, down went delicacy; and the rider, on being confronted, turned out to be a priest, who had assumed something like the dress of the Emperor, and was proud to pass for the great man, who was on his sofa, or in the bath, laughing at the trick put upon those who had him in custody. The fatigue to the officer who had to report the presence of the Emperor was excessive. On his delicately intimating to some of the chief officials of the household that his duty might be facilitated by them without inconvenience to their master, it was gravely proposed to him to "peep through the keyhole."

To this degradation, however, he would not submit; and when they were almost as weary as he, they would come to his relief by lifting a blind for him, so that from the exterior of the house he could obtain a rapid glance into the interior of the room in which Napoleon was walking or sitting; or his officers, by means of some of the children about the establishment, would allure him, for a moment, to the window overlooking the garden. The overseer, if we may so speak, once reported his having seen Napoleon, in this way, with a red handkerchief round his head, and looking ghastly. In fact, his health was suffering from his obstinate refusal to go out, or take exercise. The refusal was natural enough in such a man.

It must have been in the highest degree irksome to him to be watched; and the idea that every occurrence out of the common way which took place at Longwood, was telegraphed to the government house, was insupportable.

After four years' confinement, his health began to fail. He had moodily kept indoors. His favourite luxury was the bath, of which he was passionately fond, and which he followed by rubbing his body over with eau-de-Cologne, and then by putting on a change of linen, which he changed, in this way, several times during the twenty-four hours. When his health failed, he was obliged to seek exercise out of doors; and he betook himself to gardening. Short and fat, and round as a China pig,



(so Sir William Doveton describes him,) with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, and a loose dressing-gown flowing around his body, Napoleon might be seen, digging vigorously with his spade, or superintending his Chinese gardeners in their work. One pleasing feature is here recorded of him, which makes us think charitably, and as we like to think of Napoleon. In his captivity he loved to have children about him; he would romp with them out of doors, or amuse them and himself indoors with games; allowing them to drop sealing-wax on his lily fair hand; or tease and please him in other child-like ways. His health, however, continued to decline. In November, 1820, he was walking in his garden, with a little daughter of an English soldier as a companion, when he suddenly became so faint, as to be compelled to lie down by the side of the road: he then said the hand of Death was on him. And so it was, though it was some months ere it closed its grip around him. His appetite failed. His disease, which the doctors failed to discover, rapidly developed. Cancer gnawed slowly the folds of his stomach, and made him loathe the most tempting food. Spasms of pain crushed his decaying strength; he tottered out of doors like an infant, and braced his feeble body by the gentle exercise of a see-saw. He who had, in the eyes of his triumphant hosts, looked like a god enthroned, in his saddle on the field of battle, might now be seen, seated on a plank supported only in the middle, and at the other end of which was placed a weight equal to his own.

The crisis quickly followed. On the 13th of April, 1821, the cold sweat of death broke out on his body. His mind, which till then had been unclouded, was suddenly disturbed. Wild reeling clouds rose in terrific haste and gloom from the past, sunk beneath the horizon, and swept across his listless fancy, driven there by the shrieking winds of death.

What remembrances shot their lurid fire into the frenzies of that dying man! Occasionally still, as though spell-bound in awe of the coming catastrophe! Again, his mind broke from its moorings and rolled ungovernably like a ship at sea, when the storm that is to wreck her has begun its fury. So, in alternate repose, and wild unresting, he lingered till the 5th of May; then, within his bed-room crept the hushed silence of death. No sound was there, save the sobs of his loving attendants, and his own intermittent gurgling breath; but outside there was no such peace; the elements of nature were at deadly strife. "Such a storm had not thundered over the island for many years; and amid the deluge of the descending rain, the gleaming of its lightnings, and the peal of its batteries of thunder, the once great Napoleon, murmuring the words '*Tête d'armée!*' passed away

to the tribunal, whither he had sent millions by his over-reaching ambition."

Similar information as we have condensed for our readers concerning the great Napoleon, will be found in Dr. Doran's volumes, concerning Charles V., Christina of Sweden, our own James II., Louis Philippe, or whatever other retired monarch we may be interested in.

The facts, so far as we have tested them, are accurately stated, and there is a buoyancy in the style, which, like oxygen in a clear atmosphere, fills the reader with a sort of vivacity so as never to flag in reading these facts. Ere, however, we close this article we must be allowed one friendly word of criticism: we would warn Dr. Doran that there are unmistakeable signs of haste in the composition and arrangement of this book, which do not exist in his former books. Let him remember, that he has to maintain the high position in literature he has reached, and that it is easier to fall than to rise. We trust that he will resist what we fear is his evil genius—a fatal fluency with the pen—a *cacoethes scribendi*. We are astounded to hear that already he has another book in the press, ere we have been able to review the present. At such a rate, we critics must sharpen our pens to overtake this ready writer. Let him take care lest these pens become sharper than he could wish, and his next work be severely pricked, to expose the patch-work and let out the sawdust with which it has been so hastily manufactured.

## ART. V.—THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF EUROPE.

*The Fairy Family: a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe.* London: Longmans. 1857.

THE intention of the present paper may be stated at once with little introduction. In the ancient time, the woods and fields, the rivers, hills, and caves, were peopled by innumerable strange denizens, of every variety of form and feature—half of mortal mould, and half of some inhuman lineage—of singular caprice and power. Concerning these beings, some said that they came to the zones inhabited by mankind, from some unseen wonder-land called Faerie; but others gave them no other abode than the lonely places where the traveller might chance to meet them—the tree-boughs, from which they swung across his path; the water-falls, which they dashed into his face; and the

mountains and hollows, from which they mockingly returned his cries. Those who thought thus did not know of the Fées or Fairies; they only knew the Elves. Much was reported and written of the doings of the Elves and Fairies, and the happiness and perfect beauty of Faerie, where some had been; these things were the objects of a firm faith, though fluctuating creed, for many centuries. These super-mortals were strangely tricky, wild, and antic; sometimes, even terrific; so that all men dreaded to meet with them; but it was nevertheless remarked, that there was a sort of moral principle in their actions towards men; that their vengeance pursued the wicked, the careless, or the slothful; while they sometimes beneficently rewarded the good. On the whole, therefore, they were regarded with fondness, and cherished in households; their usual designation was the "Good People," and their land was the retreat where the best and bravest of mankind lay lapped in choicest delights, until, at the time appointed, they should return in fairy strength and arms to rid the oppression of the earth.

We who now seek to inquire into this Fairy faith of our ancestors, are compelled by the state of the world and the nature of things, to make our investigations most simply as matter of history regarding what has been, and is no longer; much that we shall meet with will be very beautiful, and will, therefore, still have voice to speak to us; all that we shall meet will be of attractive potency, since it gives to view the quaintness, the grotesqueness, the poetry of man, cleared from the commoner and viler things which clod his nature. These things we shall look and wait for; in other respects, the Fairy Mythology to us is duly matter of antiquarian research and curiosity. We must, therefore, boldly approach our subject, without a sigh of regret over what, so beautiful and dramatically true, has perished beyond recovery; we must give no way to the indulgence of that merely modern thing, the romantic spirit—a thing essentially morbid, sad, ignorant, and inert. The language in which the ancient romances were written, in which the sweetest of the Fairy lore is shrined, has changed into that which is its own very opposite, the language of modern France—a change scarcely paralleled, so entire it is, by the difference between the English of the present day and the English of Chaucer. And this one change or revolution is the signet of how vast and innumerable revolutions in manners, and habitudes of thought and credence! We must not then, after endeavouring our utmost, like Scott, to destroy the peculiar faith of a bygone age in the supernatural; then, like Scott also, strive by elaborate imitation to restore it in our own work,—imparting to this a sadness through unsatisfied desire, and the



untruthfulness of striving after what is now no more. Let us admire the beauty of the Fairy faith of our ancestors, and reverence the strangely poetical spirit which was in them, prompting to the creation of beings who lived a life of human enjoyments, intensified and purified by separation from all that hinders poetry in the actual condition of mankind; but let us do so even in the same manner and to the same result, as we admire and venerate the power displayed in the paintings and other arts of past ages, namely, so as to be stimulated by their example to draw more largely upon that poetry of nature and of life, into which they looked, and which is God's surrounding to us, as it was to them. There is no symptom of weakness more fatal in this age than the romantic spirit, which would turn the green hillocks of the Fairies into graves to weep upon, neglecting true faith and true service to the present in its effort to believe about believing. Surely we have life and liberty enough still left us to build each one his own Faerie or ideal world, without striving for ever to appropriate the creations of other men. Our present purpose is, therefore, to attempt to give a little delight to present lovers, who make it their desire to seize and hold fast the poetry of life, by gathering something of the radiance of the imaginings of the past. In confirmation of what we say, it may be remarked, as we shall see, that the greatest alterations in the Fairy Mythology have been effected by men most imbued with the Fairy spirit. Spenser, for example, so habitually and purposely did away with the fundamental distinctions between Fairies and Elves, that since his time, the terms have been interchangeable, and one critic observes, though very unfortunately, that the title of his poem—the *Faerie Queen*—is a remarkable misnomer. True imagination must energize for itself; it cannot remain content to imitate. Let not then the modern world turn editor.

We have already observed that the Fairy family is divisible into two distinct septs or clans—the Fairies or *Fées* of romance or fiction; and the proper mythologic fairies, whose real name is not Fairies, but Elves. These latter were the spontaneous growth of popular fancy and superstition in different countries; and it is of these that we shall mainly treat; but it is necessary, both to the completeness and true purpose of this article, that something be said concerning the former.

Regarding the etymology of the word Fairy, we think that Keightley has established beyond doubt that its root is the Latin word *fatum*, through the verb *fatare*, to enchant, which was in usage in the Middle Ages, and adopted into the Italian, Provençal, and Spanish languages. The *Fées* or *Fées dames* of romance were originally women skilled in magic, and Faerie

was an illusive appearance or deceit raised before the eyes. We shall find it needless to enter upon the discussion as to the influence of Eastern mythology upon the Middle Age romance, and the relation of the European Fairy to the Persian Peri. Nothing can be established beyond the probability of some interfusion of ideas between the Asian and European minds. We must take in one hand the picture of Giuristan with its people; and in the other, the still more glorious realms of Mommur and of Avalon. Both the one and the other are to us interesting and attractive, mainly as examples and products of the human imagination; and both have this great feature, that they are to all intents and purposes *human beings*, invested, for the sake of poetry, with superhuman attributes of strength and beauty, and surrounded with conditions of super-mundane felicity. This marks them at once for the studied and serious creations of imagination, seizing upon the crude element supplied to it by popular faith, which element it completely absorbs in the process of reproduction. Just as the poets and genealogists of Greece systematized and harmonized while they adorned with song the hearsays of the people concerning gods and heroes, and endowed with human interest the multifarious impersonations of the powers of nature—nymph, nereid, and dryad—and then presented to the people for worship their own glorified faith, even so did the great imaginative romance-writers of Middle-Age Europe transform into a trueness and beauty which still enchants the world, the wild roughly legended terrors of men to whom magical power was a real dread; so that the Fée, or magic woman, was lost in the strangely beautiful or heroical Fairy, and Faerie or magical illusion became the real land of Faerie, where these brave shapes inhabited, and, from time to time received those of mankind who were likeliest to themselves. Moreover, in the Greek mythology, at times conflicting or mutually exclusive, accounts were received of the exploits and lineage of the most popular heroes: and, in like manner, concerning the Fairy people and realms, might many different lays be sung, without disturbance of the wide-spread faith therein. The imagination in seeking, as its nature is, for the elevated and heroic, cannot go beyond what is human, divested of the meaner parts and surroundings of humanity. The romance Fairies in their mightiness and beauty are the true children of the imagination.

The Romanz or Romance language is divided into two great dialects, the Romance-Provençal and the Romance-Wallon: which are also known respectively as the *Langue d'Oc* and the *Langue d'Oil*. Of these two the river Loire, not rigidly taken, was the common boundary. The former, or southern dialect

was intermingled with words derived from the languages of the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Alani; the latter, the northern dialect, was adulterated by a large infusion of Frank and Norman. The characters of these dialects, though they were each founded on the basis of the Roman, were thus marked by strong lines of difference. The Romance-Provençal was soft and harmonious, retaining a closer affinity to the mother-tongue; while the Romance-Wallon, or French Romance, was harsher, as retaining more of its northern mixture. The destinies of the two were also very different. While the former never prevailed beyond the kingdom of Arles, or Southern France, including Provence, Savoy, the Lyonesse, and part of Burgundy—a kingdom which reached its greatest extension by the accession of Raimond, Count of Barcelona, to the throne, and the consequent mixture of the Provençals with the Catalans; the latter, the Romance-Wallon, overflowed its natural boundaries and became familiar to distant nations. It passed with the Conqueror into England; and with the other northern settlers into Sicily and Naples. In the *Langue d'Oc* are preserved the compositions of the Troubadours, of thousands of minstrels, who contemporaneously announced in their lays the birth of chivalry, of the underived spirit and genius of Mediæval Europe, independent of antiquity. In the *Langue d'Oïl* we receive the works of the Trouvères—romances and tableaux—which are of loftier character than the lays of the Troubadours, and display like them independence of what had preceded, and a dissimilarity to all that has been subsequent, which mark them out as the most singularly original, and perhaps the highest efforts of the human imagination. The spirit of chivalry; the invention of love, the true delineation of which great passion had hitherto been unknown to the world; the heroic life of purity, honour, and magnanimity, set forth therein; and the supernatural creations which are totally diverse from everything else in the world; mark these compositions with a force and glory of imagination which may well be held for unsurpassable. These romances, in a word, present us with the highest truth; and nowhere do so more effectively than in the “happy lond of Faerie,” whither they seek to transport us. As chivalry did actually pass over the world with a transfiguring power of magnificence, grandeur, and beauty, even so does the realm of Faerie teach us more fully than we can receive elsewhere, the true grandeur and import of those influences which wrought so greatly in the actual world.\*

\* It is to be observed that the chivalric spirit seems to have been produced exclusively among the Romance nations. It appeared in its



The romances of chivalry have been divided into three great classes: those of Arthur and the Round Table; those of Charlemagne and his twelve Paladins; and those of Amadis and Palmerin; with their numerous imitations. The latter, we are told, do not exhibit any Fairy agency, nor does the name occur in them, and it is doubtful whether they belong to the romance literature. Arthur and Charlemagne are the first and original heroes of romance; these grand personalities hold together the innumerable characters which live in the pages of the *Trouvères*, and drew into themselves the various materials which came from the East and the South. In each of these we see the Fairies in their power and brilliancy; but the Fairies of King Arthur and his Knights have a more meagre character than those of Charlemagne, which are in attributes confounded with the Eastern Peris.

The principal writer of the Romancers, who celebrated the court of Arthur, was Chrestian de Troyes, author of "*Launcelot du Lac*," and of "*Saint Grael*," in the twelfth century. They were originally metrical; but rendered into prose in the fifteenth century. Indeed, all the French metrical romances were of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and the prose romances, in general, were made from them in the fifteenth century. We give an instance of *Faerie*, from the magnificent prose romance, "*Launcelot du Lac*":—

"The damoiselle who bore Lancelot to the lake was a *Fée*; and in those days all the women who had to do with enchantment and with charms were called *Fées*; and many of them did then appear, principally in Great Britain. And they knew the force and virtue of words, of stones, and of herbs, by the which they were kept in youth and in beauty, and in great riches, as they devised."

The lake was a *Faerie*, or illusion, raised by art taught by the devil to Merlin, and which Merlin taught the lady. The romance goes on:—

"The lady who reared him conversed only in the forest, and dwelt upon the summit of a hill, much lower than that where King Bau had died; in this place, where only appeared large and deep woods, had the lady many houses, fair and very rich; and in the plain below was there a gentle little river abounding plenteously in fishes; and this place was so secret and well-hidden, that right difficult it was for a man to find it, for the appearance of the said lake so covered it that it could not be perceived."\*

full meaning at one burst among them: people have puzzled themselves in vain to account for it. The *Nibelungen Lied*, the most ancient poem of Germany, is not chivalric: but it appeared after the first French romance.

\* We give, from Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, the original of these extracts, as specimens of the Romance-French, or Wallon:—

The principal writers in the other series of romances which have for their subject Charlemagne and his Paladins, are Huon de Villeneuve, who wrote the romance of "Renaud de Montauban" and of "Huon de Bordeaux," in verse; and Adenez, the king-at-arms of Philip the Bold (about A.D. 1280), who wrote the romances of "Bertha-au-grand-pied," of "Ogier the Dane," and of "Cleomadis." The romances of the court of Charlemagne are later than those which celebrate King Arthur; they were perfected about the close of the thirteenth century, when the Crusades had introduced a knowledge of the East. It is these, together with the famous chronicle, attributed to Archbishop Turpin, that have been seized upon and rendered familiar to modern Europe by the renowned poem of Ariosto. The more sombre mythology of the Normans, in this brilliant system of romantic chivalry, is animated by the lighter and more playful fancy of the East. The whole of the world lies open before the eyes of the errants of the Charlemagnean cycle. They perform, with the ease of those who dwell in an enchanted region, the most fantastic journeys from Spain to Carthage, from Denmark to Tunis; and their adventures are crowded with the glories of all lands. Vast and gorgeous palaces rising in deserts; groves of myrtle and orange breaking forth in the sands or upon the rocks of the sea; sudden islands waving with palm-trees; bowers of vine and rose; castles of wonder and delight, sparkling with gold and diamond, sapphire and emerald;—these are the works of the Fées of this cycle, who are no longer merely the terrible dealers forth of unnatural destinies, but themselves lovely beyond human loveliness, and the rewarders of the true

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"La damoiselle qui Lancelot porta au lac estoit une Fée, et la cellui temps estoient appellées Fées toutes celles qui sentremeloient d'enchantements et de charmes, et moult en estoit pour lors principalement en la Grand Bretagne, et savoient la force et la vertu des parolles, des pierres, et des herbes, parquoi els estoient en jeunesse, et en beaulte, et en grandes richesses, comment elles devoient."

"La dame qui le nourrissoit ne conversoit que en forest, et estoit au plain de ung tertre plus bas assez que celui ou le roy Bau estoit mort; en ce lieu ou il sembloit que le bois fust grand et par font avoit la dame moult de belles maisons et moult riches; et au plain dessous y avoit une gente petite riviere moult plantureuse de poissons; et estoit ce lieu si cele et secret que bien difficile estoit a homme de le trouver, car la semblance du dit lac le couvroit si que il ne pouvoit estre apperceu."

The Fées, or magic women, in this cycle of romance, were, on the whole, objects of terror rather than of attraction, not being yet endowed with the wild beauty of the Peris of the East. Thus the romance just quoted goes on to say: "Celle-ci avoit appris tout ce qu'elle savoit de aygromancie de Merlin le prophète aux Anglois, que sçut toute la sapience qui des diables peut descendre. Or fut le dit Merlin ung homme engendré en femme par ung diable, et fut appelé l'enfant sans père."

toils of the warrior with their love. The Fairy land is now thickly peopled with denizens of either sex, beautiful and strange. We read of Morgana's castle of Avalon, and Oberon's kingdom of Mommur.

Thus is Ogier the Dane entertained at the castle of Avalon, by Morgana, the Fée giver of pomps and pleasures:—

“Now when Morgue drew nigh unto the castle, her Fées came before Ogier, singing more melodiously than ever man hath heard; but he entered into the bower that he might give himself wholly up to the delight. Then saw he many Fée ladies in fair array, and which all were crowned with crowns of costly workmanship and much richness; and all the day long were they singing and dancing in that life of joyance, without thinking of any evil thing except to take their pleasure of the world. And as that Ogier was conversing with the ladies, presently there arrived the King Arthur, to whom Morgue the Fée spoke thus: ‘Approach thou, sir and my brother, and bid welcome the flower of all chivalrie, the honour of all the noble men of France; him in whom goodness, honour, and all virtue is comprehended. Behold this is Ogier of Denmark, my loyal friend, and my only joy, in whom reigns all the hope of my exceeding happiness.’ Then came the king and embraced Ogier very lovingly. ‘Ogier, thou thrice noble knight, be thou thrice welcome. And thanked be our Lord, for that he hath brought hither, unto me, this most prowtest knight.’ So he made him unawares to serve at the siege of Machar, for great honour, where-with the King Arthur abundantly rewarded him: but Morgue the Fée placed upon him, upon his head, a crown, very rich and precious, so that no living man could at all tell the price of it. And withal that it was so rich, there was in it a virtue marvellous; for every man who took it upon his head, straightway he forgot all dolour, melancholy, and sadness; he remembered no longer his country nor his parents. So long as that was upon his head he thought not at all upon the lady Clarice, who was fair and noble, nor of Guyon his brother, nor of his nephew Gautier, nor of any creature that was in live; for all was sent into oblivion.”\*

In this romance of Ogier we have our fullest information as to that great Faerie land, Avalon, the castle and isle where abode Arthur, Oberon, and the Fée Morgana. Like the Islands of the Blessed, and Plato's Atlantis, it was placed in the midst

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\* The original may be seen in Sismondi's "Literature of the Trouvères." It is not so fine as the earlier Romance-French, of which we have given a specimen:—

“Or quand la Morgue approcha au chateau, ses Fées vinaient au-devant d'Ogier, chantant le plus melodieusement qu'on sauroit jamais ouir; puis entra dedans la salle pour soi deduyre totalement. Adonc vit plusieurs dames Fées aornées et toutes couronnées de couronnes très-somptueuse-



of the sea, and only after many storms and shipwrecks does Ogier gain "the castle of loadstone, which is named the castle of Avalon, which is not far on the side of the terrestrial paradise, whither was rapt in a flame of fire Enoc and Helye, and where was Morgue la Fée." In Ogier's adventures with the horse Papillon, who was a Luiton or Genie conquered by Arthur, and transformed, and with the serpent whom he slays, may be traced still further the influence of Arabian literature in the scenery of this Faerie. Further on we learn that Avalon was still on earth, and, therefore, subject to earthly dangers and evils. "One day Arthur took Ogier aside, and informed him that Capalus, king of the Luitons, incessantly attacked the castle of Faerie, with design to eject King Arthur from his dominions, and was accustomed to penetrate to the basse-court, calling on Arthur to come out and engage him. Ogier asked permission to encounter this formidable personage, which Arthur willingly granted. No sooner, however, did Capalus see Ogier than he surrendered to him; and the knight had the satisfaction of leading him into the castle, and reconciling him to its inhabitants. This Faerie of Avalon, then, was in the midst of the sea.\*

Others were placed within the castle, as in the beautiful romance of Orfeo and Henrodis, the king and queen of Winchester, copious extracts from which are given in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." And others again in the woods, as Mommur, the domain of "Le petit roi Oberon," who appears

ment faites, moult riches; et long du jour chantoient, dansoient, et menoient joyeuse vie, sans penser à nulle quelcunne meschante chose, fors prandre leurs mondains plaisirs. Et ainsi que Ogier il devisoit avec les dames, tantôt arriva le roi Arthur, auquel Morgue la Fée dit: Approchez vous, monseigneur mon frère, et venez saluer la fleur de toute chevalerie, l'honneur de toute la noblesse de France, celui où bonté, loyauté, et toute vertu est enclose. C'est Ogier de Denmarck, mon loyal ami et mon seul plaisir, auquel régit toute l'esperance de ma liesse. Adonc le roi vint embrasser Ogier tres-aimablement. Ogier, très-noble chevalier, vous soyez le très bien venu, et regrantie tres-grandement notre Seigneur de ce qu'il m'a envoyé un si tres noble chevalier. Si le fit servir incontinent au siège de Machar, par grant honneur, dont il remercia le roi Arthus tres-grandement: puis Morgue la Fée lui mit une couronne dessus son chef, moult riche et précieuse, si que nul vivant ne le sauroit priser nullement. Et avec ce qu'elle estoit riche, elle avoit en elle une vertu merveilleuse; car tout homme qui la portoit sur son chef, il oubloit tout deuil, melancolie et tristesse, ne jamais ne lui souvenoit de pays ni de parens qu'il eut: car tant qu'elle fut sur son chef, n'eut pensement quelconque ni de la dame Clarice, que tant estoit belle et noble, ni de Guyon son frere, ni de son neveu Gautier, ni de créature qui fut en vie, car tout fut mis lors en oubli."

\* Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," a book of great research, to which we are much indebted; amongst other things, for the division of the three kinds of Fairy lands—in the sea, within the earth, and among the woods.

to form a connecting link between the Fairies and the Elves. This Faerie comes in the splendid romance, "Huon de Bordeaux." King Oberon, "le nain Fée," whom Sir Huon encounters, haunts a wood sixteen leagues long on the road to Babylon, and besets the knight with storms of thunder and lightning, and right marvellous drenches of water, and the sounds of a magic horn, until he induces him to speak with him. He then relates to the knight his genealogy, and informs him that he is king and lord of Mommur, and that when he should leave the world his seat was prepared in Paradise; "for Oberon, like his prototype Elverich, was a veritable Christian," says Keightley. Further on in the romance, the time for Oberon's departure to Paradise draws near, and he directs Huon to appear before him at his city of Mommur within four years, where he will crown him as his successor. After many perils, Huon and the fair Esclair Monde arrive at Mommur. We continue from Keightley:—

"Here, in despite of Arthur, who, with his sister Morgue la Fée, and a large train, arrives at court, and sets himself in opposition to the will of the monarch, but is reduced to order by Oberon's threat of turning him into a Luyton de Mer, Huon is crowned king of all Faerie, 'tant du pais des Luytons comme des autres choses secrètes reservées dire aux hommes.' Arthur gets the kingdom of Bouquant, and that which Sybilla held of Oberon, and all the Faeries that were in the plains of Tartary. The good King Oberon then gave Huon his last instructions, recommending his officers and servants to him, and charging him to build an abbey before the city, in the mead which the dwarf had loved, and there to bury him. Then falling asleep in death, a glorious troop of angels, scattering odours as they flew, consigned his soul to Paradise."

It is probable that from this romance Shakspeare took his Oberon, whom he severed from his real kindred, and placed amongst the dwarfs and elves whom he so much resembled. The Faerie land of Spenser is also, we may conjecture, taken in great part from Sir Huon, which we are told had been translated some time before by Lord Berners. Spenser, indeed, expressly alludes to it in the "Faerie Queene." After the time of Shakspeare and Spenser, the distinction between Fairies, or the Fées of romance, and the elfish creatures of popular mythology, became quite lost. The Fairies lose their greatness, and are diminished to the proportion of dwarfs.

We must now proceed to the consideration of these Elves, or mythologic Fairies proper, which have, in most of the European countries, been discovered in existence, as if from some immemorial time, the spontaneous growth of the popular superstitious fancy. And, first, concerning their nature. Even more venerable than the elfish or Fairy tales themselves, are those tales in

which beasts support the leading characters. That which would soonest and most universally strike the imagination of mankind, must have been the strange life of beasts, placed so singularly between man and inanimate nature, with looks and cries easily interpreted by man, and yet in some sort one with what is expressed in the aspects and voices of nature. Full of gravity and quaintness, moving in their helpless ferocity and helpless painfulness, their passionate nameless distress, they in no little show forth the strange, sad, and restless life of man; even more strongly than the wind that wanders for ever round the world, seeking rest and finding none, and than the wide, discoloured waters of the earth, which for ever must flow and ebb, and whirl away with saddened murmur; and more strongly than hurried sky, and storm-defaced cliff and scar. To invest these beasts with human motives, human reason, human manner of life, was an easy step, soon taken. After their kinds the beasts were humanized. The elfish mythology, which perhaps was subsequent to this lore of beasts, is, so far as we can theorize upon such a subject, in part an impersonation of the blind powers of nature and their voices; partly also a transference of the bruto-human grotesqueness to these personified powers. As it is impossible to enter into details, we must content ourselves with some of the leading characteristics of this Fairy Mythology.

The Mythological Fairies, numerous as they are, may be divided into bands, presenting similarities according to the nature of the place which they haunted. Although known in different regions by different names, the Fairies of each particular kind of locality will be found to have the same nature. This is an important fact, in proof of the autochthonic derivation of the Fairy faith. Thus we have Fairies of the woods and groves, known in the British Islands, Northern Germany, and Scandinavia, as the Elf-folk, who, on Midsummer's Eve and St. John's Eve, used to steal away their mortal loves to their own sylvan abode. In Brittany they went under the name of the Korrigan, beautiful enchantresses, who at night time could invest the various forms of the forest with the semblance of towers and palaces, so that he who danced with them upon the enmassed turf, believed that it was upon a carpet of emerald, and between pillars of ivory and gold, instead of the tufted tree-stems. In Southern Germany they were the Map-Folk, or Tree-Folk, who were veritably of true woodland nature, being the trees themselves endowed with the power of locomotion. In Servia they were the beautiful Vili. Then there were Fairies of the fields and meadows, the Fairy folk of the



West and North of Europe, the most widely diffused branch of the family, who lived in the sunny meadow country, and traced them in their fairy circles of the deepest green; to them belong the more dangerous *Lutin*, or horse-fiend, of Normandy. There were Fairies of the hills and caves, as the innumerable *Duergar* or Dwarfs and Trolls of Scandinavia, the black, white, and brown dwarfs of the island of Rügen, the *Still-Folk* of Central Germany, and the *Hill-Men* of Switzerland (*Härdmändlene*). These led a life of the strangest enchantment beneath the hillocks of the fields, which though inconsiderable without, were of immense extent within. Sometimes the hills were seen lifted up on pillars of coral, beneath which sported their fairy occupants. Some had been admitted to these realms of Faerie, which they said were spacious and magnificent beyond conception, the walls studded with precious stones and gold and silver; that they were lit up with a magical moving sky of bright carbuncles and diamonds; they had crystal rocks and flowers, and birds of heaven. These were called the realms of glass. There were Fairies of the sea and rivers, conspicuous among whom was the powerful *Fata Morgana*, probably identical with *Morgue la Faye*, in the romance of *Ogier le Danois*, and one of the connecting links between the *Fées* and *Damoiselles* of romance, and the fancy-folk of superstition.

"There is a grandeur, a mystery, and a terror connected with this potent enchantress," writes the author under review, "which distinguishes her from every other personage of the Fairy family. Never was she seen by man; and the appearing of her spell-created palace, like the uprising thunder-cloud, was at once the herald and the instrument of storm and death: fascinating the imagination of the spectator by its beauty, terrifying him by the evidences of its power. Many have seen, and spoken, and written of this palace, islanded on the ocean midway between the Italian and Sicilian shores, engirt with garden, and terrace, and tower; and every succeeding spectator has thought that it surpassed all that has been said or written in its praise."

Then we have the *Rusalki*, or beautiful river-fairy of Southern Russia; concerning whom, says our author:—

"Shy and benevolent, she lived on the small alluvial islands that stud the mighty rivers which drain this extensive and thinly peopled country, or in the detached coppices that fringe their banks, in bowers woven of flowering reeds and green willow-boughs; her pastime and occupation being to aid in secret the poor fishermen in their laborious and precarious calling."

Of a more elfish kind are the wide family of the *Mermen* and *Mermaids*, who lived under the sea, and have been seen on most

of the shores of Europe; to which family belong the Havmand and Havfrue of Scandinavia; the Sea-Troll of Shetland, the Merrow (Sea-maid) of Ireland, the Morverch of Brittany, and the Nix of Germany. "Mermen are uniformly represented as of an amiable and generous disposition: Mermaids, as more uncertain; on some occasions showing great gentleness, on others, great severity; at one time tracking from sea to sea the ship of a faithless lover, and on his first appearing within arm's reach of the water, dragging him beneath the surface; at another, directing a sorrowful youth where to find medicinal herbs that will cure the malady of which his sweetheart was dying." We must not omit the Neck, or River-spirit of the North, a singularly wild and melancholy being, who sat upon the water and played upon a golden harp very sweetly, in strains of Orphean power, and who was himself uncertain and eager to know what should befall him in the after-world. Lastly, we have Fairies of the hearths and homesteads, the well-known Pixies of Devonshire and Cornwall—those rewarders of industry, and punishers of "sluttery" and indolence; the Kobold of Germany, and the Nis of Scandinavia, who were to be found in almost every house, ship, and church, the ingenious pesterers of bad conduct and guardians of the good; and the Brownie of the south of Scotland, one of the most interesting of the family, the little spare man, with his sharp, wrinkled face, and brown cloak and hood, who attached himself inseparably to some kindred among men, having "no chief save the master of the house to which he attached himself; no kindred except the master's family; no home save the master's domain;" who devoted to the service of that master all his energies; but formed his attachment only for those who loved and practised charity and hospitality.

Another point to which we would draw especial attention is, the curious similarity which exists between some of the most striking of the Fairy myths, and certain portions of the Christian faith. To those who have gone into the subject, the way in which Christian doctrine is parodied or travestied in these figments of the popular fancy, must appear quite singular and startling. We must recollect that at the time whence Fairy tradition bears its date, the belief in the existence of these super-mortal agencies was a *real faith*, part of an old and sublime creed discrowned, and that the true faith has penetrated into and swings magically, and with discolorations, among the Runes. We have already observed something of this in the destiny of Oberon, in Huon de Bordeaux, who is more Elf than Fée. We now add a few other leading facts illustrative of this singular thing—a thing nowhere else perceivable—that the Christian

faith, which overthrew all other faiths in Europe, yet left surviving in force and universality, the ancient Fairy-faith, and that some curious attempts have been made at the reconciliation of the two.

Thus, first, we may notice the life of Robin Goodfellow, son of the king of Faerie, by an earthly mother. He was sent to our world for a probationary period, to encourage the good and to comfort "the weary." This was accomplished by his removal to his father's court. Again, the legends connected with the Scandinavian water-spirit, the Neck, already mentioned, take up another portion of Christian faith, that of temporary and probationary punishment. The Swedish legend which expresses this is so beautiful, that we give it entire, from Keightley:—

"Two boys were one time playing near a river that ran by their father's house. The Neck rose and sat on the surface of the water, and played on his harp; but one of the children said to him, 'What is the use, Neck, of your sitting there and playing? you will never be saved.' The Neck then began to weep bitterly, flung away his harp, and sunk down to the bottom. The children went home and told the story to their father, who was the parish priest. He said they were wrong to say so to the Neck, and told them to go immediately back to the river, and console him with the promise of salvation. They did so; and when they came down to the river, the Neck was sitting on the water, weeping and lamenting. They then said to him, 'Neck, do not grieve so; our Father says that your Redeemer liveth also.' The Neck then took his harp and played most sweetly until long after the sun was down."

Again, our readers are aware of the dispute among clergymen and laics, as to whether children dying before baptism are admitted into heaven. The Fairy faith contains an attempt to meet the difficulty. The Pixies of Devonshire and Cornwall are by some persons thought to be the souls of children who have died unbaptized.\* Again, the Korrigan of Brittany, or Elfish maids, who appeared beautiful by night, but foul by day, were, according to some, seven princesses, who for their crime in opposing the Gospel, when preached in Armorica by the Apostles, were doomed to wander in the forests until the end of the world. We might bring forward many other singular traditions, in proof of this odd rendering of the Christian faith into the language of the faith of the fancy; but these are sufficiently numerous, and illustrate once more the propensity of that human nature which we always love and honour, to mingle the preconceptions of its own beliefs, as it has done those of its own theories, with that which is matter of pure, simple,

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\* Mrs. Bray's "Peep at the Pixies."



and direct revelation. Much of that beauty which in Art is the highest truth, has sprung from this tendency, at which we rejoice; most of the wrongs and sorrows of history, the deceitfulness of base policy, the subtler dangers of false philosophy, spring also from it; whereat, we mourn.

Another point to be noticed is the increasing scarcity of the Fairy traditions, as we advance towards the South of Europe. They abound in the Northern and Central parts of Europe, amongst the Gothic and Celtic nations, and are pretty plentiful amongst the Slaves; but in the South the Fairies are comparatively unknown. From Spain they were so completely expelled by the inquisitions of the Holy Office, that no trace of them is left even in the writings of her poets.\* Calderon in one of his plays, mentions a Fairy, which he calls *Duende*, but all that is said about it leads to the supposition that the dramatist, merely for the purposes of his art, introduced the *Kobold* of Germany under a Spanish name, and (possibly to propitiate the priesthood) under the gown of a friar. By the same means they were expelled from Italy; no trace of them is left from the Alps to the Mediterranean, except at the very extremity of the Peninsula; and there we find just one little solitary *Monk*, the *Monaciello*, whom the people of Naples describe as "a short, thick kind of little man, dressed in the long garments of a monk, with a broad-brimmed hat. He appears to people in the dead of the night, and beckons them to follow him; if they have courage to do so, he leads them to some place where treasure is concealed." In the Italian poets, we have several *Fate* mentioned, besides the famous *Fata Morgana* of Ariosto; but they are Romance Fairies more than popular ones. It is to be observed that the earliest collection of Fairy tales in prose belongs to Italy; the "*Notti Piacevoli*" of Straparola, which were published at Venice, 1550; and in 1637, Battista Basile published his "*Pentamerone*," which Keightley, who has in his "*Tales and Popular Fictions*," given some translations from it, calls "the best collection of Fairy tales ever written." Some of the best-known nursery tales are contained in Straparola, which was translated into French about ten years after its publi-

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\* Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the Fairy Mythology of Spain has never yet been collected and published. Keightley gleans two or three little myths from Spain. Borrow, in his "*Bible in Spain*," gives many a wild legion of night and cloud-time. Lockhart, in his "*Spanish Ballads*," speaks, we believe, of Fairies, but not in a way to let us know whether he means mythologic Fairies, or spirits merely. From what may be gathered from the hints of travellers, there must be as complete a system of Fairy Mythology amongst the half-Spanish races of the New World as any in the North of Europe or among the Arabians.

cation; and was the beginning of a literature fruitful enough. On the other hand, the "Pentamerone," according to account, is written evidently for grown-up persons; it does not yet conceive that Fairy lore is a thing only of the nursery, and its fictions are not more extravagant than those of the Italian poets, Boiardo or Ariosto.

It is very notable that the literature, of which these works formed the commencement, and which represents to the minds of the majority the idea of Fairy lore, is in comparison with those true Fairy tales, which were indigenous and in which may be marked the vital action of a people's mind, a very foul and deformed thing. The legends of the North, derived from the ante-Christian Eddaic mythology—the legends of Germany in the Heldenbuch and the Niebelungen Lied—the vast mass of miscellaneous traditions, of which Thiele in Sweden, the Grimms in Germany, Chambers in Scotland, and Keightley in England, have been such diligent collectors,—have a prevalent character of benevolence and justice, as if touched with some gentle and kindly influence from the true Faith, with which they strove to reconcile themselves. As specimens of truth in Art—that *vraisemblance* which is the glory of Art—they are unsurpassed. They are turns and twists which happen with a beauty which is life-like, and with a moral very like-life too. They are unlaboured and not long; incidents, and little more; facts, with the belief of the heart pressed upon them; and above all, with the wayward fortuitous character which seems part of the events of this world; they image out a justice, as we have said, and a kindness which no less strongly reside around us and clip us in. But the tales which now are called Fairy, and are sung in the nursery, are for the most part defaced with a monstrous morbidity, belonging least of all to the Fairy faith of yore; they are full of blood, rapine, and cruelty. The "Notti Piacevoli" are full of indelicate allusions, so is the "Pentamerone;" and almost all the children's tales, such as Jack the Giant Killer, Tom Thumb, Blue-beard, &c., are disfigured with needless outrages and crimes. The extravagance of some of them is really unmeaning. They are totally unfit for young hands, teaching as they do, the "devil before God." The same is true of the books which generally succeed them; most of the tales translated from Grimm have the same morbid impress. We are not to be charged with narrowness, or a desire to curtail the imaginations of the young, from these remarks. We regard the imagination as the highest of all the human faculties, and know that it must be fed with many kinds of food. But we certainly do think that a reform is needed here. These tales are not the ancient tales: some of them may be distortions

To the execution of this task is applied great diligence and research. All the countries possessed of a Fairy Mythology.

of the ancient tales, but they are not the ancient tales. They come of a bad age; they have passed through many vitiations; they are tinged with the morbidity of the modern world, which has displaced naturalness by extravagance. Let us have a Fairy realm, but let it be such a one as God makes with His sunlight and His shade, when the broad sun-strokes reach over even to our feet, and beyond them lies the wood, deeper and deeper in its blue shadows.

We have several instances of attempts to remedy the evil of which we complain, such as the exquisitely pure, simple, and graceful tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and Ruskin's "Legend of the King of the Golden River." This observation brings us more especially to the new work at the head of our article, "The Fairy Family." The author proposes to himself a good, and we may say, an original end. Lamenting, as we also do, the untrue and unpoetic nature of the Fairy fictions in current use, and acknowledging, as we do with him, the undesirable character of much even of the *ancient* Fairy Mythology, he sees in it beauty and morality enough to warrant its retention as food for the imaginations of the young. Accordingly, while holding on to the beings which in the olden time peopled the whole earth, meadows, woods, seas, hills, and caves, and dwelt in the homes of the woodman, fisherman, herdsman, and peasant, he yet adapts these beings to other actions and incidents than are known of them, relating a new legend concerning each. This is the plan of the work, to introduce the principal Fairy folk of the different parts of Europe, under a new legend, purified from whatever remains were clinging to them of injustice and cruelty. The plan of the work has our entire approval. It is the part of true faith to know where to disbelieve as well as to know where to believe; and with all our veneration for antiquity, and out longing after the indescribable spirit of the ancient world which seems gone, never to return, irrevocable, we must not deify or transfigure with reverence everything which simply is old. Our author in his preface states:—

"Some of these tales may be considered as too trifling for adult readers, and others as too advanced in language and treatment for children: but from the nursery to the study is a wide step,—a numerous and very important portion of our thirty millions stands between, and it is for this portion more especially that they were written;—although the author will have somewhat mistaken his purpose and failed in his efforts, if they be not read with profit by the intelligent child, and with interest by the indulgent reader of more advanced years."

To the execution of this task is applied great diligence and research. All the countries possessed of a Fairy Mythology,



contribute towards the volume. The author is evidently master of the range of Fairy Mythology, and to the majority of readers his work will be pleasing and instructive. To each ballad is prefixed an introduction, which gives the substance of the ancient mythologic accounts of the subject in question, and conveys in a short compass a large amount of information. The stories of the ballads are mostly very slight, and we suppose, the author relies for popularity more upon his ways of telling them than upon their construction. We are not certain whether his evident desire to represent faithfully the features of the mythologic personages introduced, has not re-acted upon the imagination or inventive power of the writer with a somewhat chilling effect. Perhaps, he would have done himself better justice had he told us what he had seen himself of the fair shapes of the wonderful land of which we are all conscious, instead of giving in another form the things that other people have seen. A vision is seen once and once reported of: we rejoice in its beauty, and admire it as we do a picture; at least this is the case with ourselves. To others, no doubt, there is a charm in association otherwise unattainable, and which is the appeal to what stands first in their nature. To all such lovers of faithful tradition, with which indeed is combined the invention of new groupings, the present volume will speak meaningfully, and we may add, that we can sympathize with what has evidently been the labour of years. Several of the more important ballads possess historical as well mythological interest. "La Dame Abonde," for example, or the Legend of the Fay who foreshadowed to Joan of Arc the things that were to happen to her; striking with a wand into magical mirrors the surface of a well in the forests of Lorraine. It was this supposed intercourse with the Queen of Fées which was charged against the inspired Maid of Orleans by the unprincipled Bishop of Beauvais. Another ballad entitled "The Vila," is of still more curious interest, as illustrative of the newly introduced mythology and poetry of Servia.

The execution of the ballads is rather unequal. The imagination of the writer seems, as we have thought, to be somewhat stunted by his evident historical conscientiousness. In order to produce good poetry, it seems as if the mind were obliged to have a certain amount of loose swing in order to avail itself of instantaneous effects. It must not have its line of march too rigidly chalked out; but must be at liberty ever and anon to break through the hedge in a rain of dew-drops and May-blossoms, and so to run along through the sweet-scented fields, and beside misty rivers. What is most valuable in Art is the grace that is snatched, beyond the reach of Art, the instant the adventitious, which is owing to God more than to man, and comes

only to the inspired watcher in the universe made by God. In this aspect we think the ballads before us to be somewhat defective; but considering the difficulty of the task undertaken, together with its peculiar nature, not more so than was to be expected. The volume abounds with detached pieces of strong and vigorous verse; the marks of great labour bestowed are everywhere visible; there are many bits of detail very faithfully wrought out; and the whole work is pervaded by intense purity of moral feeling, and a healthful and candid enjoyment of life. The following is a favourable specimen of our author's verse. It is from "The White Dwarfs,"—perhaps the best ballad in the volume, The good knight, Sir Otto, in captivity, sees a snow-white dove through the prison window. He is sore athirst, and lifts the water cup to his lips, but then shuddering, meets a loathsome toad in the water:—

"A moment, and with gentle smile,

He turns the thing to see—

'Tis without guile thou didst defile

The water set for me.

And it lessens this burning thirst of mine

To see thee happily slaking thine;

Nay, look not with timid eye on me—

I would nor hurt thee for liberty."

He turns to throw himself on the ground, but his straw-pallet is pre-occupied by an adder, which he likewise spares. He next finds the dove which he saw at first nestling within his cell, as though to share his captivity. But he sets it free. He watches its flight, and lo, from the point of its disappearance on the horizon, behold, there comes towards him a white-sailed boat, bearing a Fairy child, who thus addresses him, giving him an Elfin brand:—

"Sir Knight, that didst but gently smile,

Or shuddering turn away

From reptile vile that did defile

Thy cup wherein it lay.

"Sir Knight, that didst in pity spare

The venom'd adder's life,

'Tis thou may'st dare this brand to wear,

And wield in knightly strife.

"Sir Knight, that didst set free again

The dove from prison lone,

That would'st not gain by other's pain,

A solace for thine own.

"Sir Knight, that would'st not captive keep,  
 No more shall captive be:  
 Come forth and sweep the briny deep,  
 Come, gentle knight, with me."

The volume is very tastefully got up, and the three engraved designs are among the finest things in black and white which have lately been produced; the title-page in particular, illustrating the return of Robin Goodfellow to earth, is magnificent in design and execution.

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### Quarterly Review of German Literature.

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It were but a trite commonplace to repeat in so many words that Britain and Germany have each their national peculiarities, defects, and excellences. To point out each other's failings is comparatively easy, but to profit by them, and discriminately to acknowledge and to appropriate distinguishing excellences, requires liberality of mind, thoughtfulness, and extensive observation. It is on this ground that we turn with special zest to the descriptions which well-informed foreigners give of our national institutions, and of the impression made upon them by our national life. Not that we can expect entire freedom from prejudice, but that we hope to profit by "seeing ourself as others see us." This desire may now be gratified to our heart's satisfaction, especially in the case of those of us who inhabit the northern portion of Her Majesty's dominions, "commonly called Scotland." Dr. J. A. Voigt, teacher in the Pedagogium, at Halle, has given an account of his visit to England and Scotland, with special reference to their educational institutions.<sup>1</sup> The work is manageable in size, readable in point of style, thorough and comprehensive in point of substance. We feel convinced that, if known, it will attract general interest. The greater portion of the volume is dedicated to Scotland, for which the author seems to feel the enthusiasm which the characteristics of its population and the beauty of its scenery are, when known, calculated to inspire. But specially interesting must it appear as a contribution towards that great educational question, which is at present agitating Scotland. Unlike the exclusiveness which shuts out the stranger from Eton, from Rugby, and from so many of the colleges and universities of England, every educational establishment in Scotland was thrown open to the inspection of Dr. Voigt, and all necessary explanations were readily given. The result of his personal experiences is stated at length. We have been much

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<sup>1</sup> Mittheilungen über d. Unterrichtswesen Englands u. Schottlands. Von Dr. J. A. Voigt. Halle: E. Anton. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.



struck with one inference which seems to have been impressed upon the author's mind, viz., the impediment which the purely commercial principle lays in the way of superior education. Too much dependent upon popular support, and far too utilitarian in their constitution, even our best schools are obliged to yield to pressure from without, and to conform to the superficiality of a gross *cui bono* training. At the same time the attention drawn to this subject, will, we trust, at no very distant day, help to remedy the evil. Dr. Voigt gives his experience of Scottish manners, modes of thought and life; in many respects, just they are, however, often chargeable with reasoning upon insufficient data. Had our author been better acquainted with the history and relations of Scotland, he would not have found fault with the act by which persons, not members of the Established Church, are admitted to chairs in the universities, nor would he have disapproved of the attempt to vindicate the same right for the parochial schools. These, indeed, are occasional blemishes, which may fully as much be imputed to those under whose guidance our author saw the country as to Dr. Voigt himself. We hasten to add that exceedingly accurate notices are given of such schools as the High School of Edinburgh, the Edinburgh Academy, Heriot's Hospital, the Madras Institution in St. Andrew's, London University and School, and the various Scottish colleges. If anything, we miss a discussion of abstract principles and inferences from the facts which are so abundantly accumulated in the pages of this book. We recommend it to the serious attention of educational men in Britain.

From training to thinking there is but one step, although in this case we confess it must be pretty large. It is not our intention to involve our readers in the mazes of German metaphysics. But as it is our duty and their interest to know what is going on in the field of German speculation, we may at once redeem our pledge and introduce them to the Philosophy of Schopenhauer, as defended by Mr. Bähr,<sup>2</sup> and attacked by Mr. Seydel.<sup>3</sup> The philosopher, whose name the system bears, was born in 1788 (he is the son of the authoress of that name), and still lives to receive the homage of his admiring disciples, who declare that his philosophy is destined to outlive all others. Schopenhauer is an adherent of Kant, whose speculations he carries to their utmost limits. If we had formerly been given to understand that all which was ideal was not necessarily real, we are now told, in one and the same breath, that everything is real and yet everything ideal. Our philosopher claims to start from the external world and from experience. But if Kant still believed that external objects were something real, Schopenhauer holds that the only thing real is our inward experience. Two principles express his system in this respect: *no object without a subject* (*à la* Berkeley), and again,

<sup>2</sup> Die Schopenhauersche Philosophie in ihren Grundzügen dargestellt u. Britisch beleuchtet. Von C. G. Bähr. Dresden: R. Knutze. 1857.

<sup>3</sup> Schopenhauer's Philosophisches System. Dargestellt u. Beartheilt. Von Rudolf Seydel (Gethrönte Preisschrift). Leipzig: Breitkopf u. Härtel. 1857.

*no subject without an object.* All the world, of which we form part, is one great manifestation of life or of will, and the highest art consists in merging and losing our own life and will in the general living and willing. Connected with this, or probably forming the woof of the system, is a corresponding theory of ethics. Duty and the categorical imperative, in short, all our common principles of acting, are relegated as so much refined egotism. The high *spirituale* of the system consists in making the feeling of *compassion* the highest and fundamental principle, and in an attempt to abnegate the *principium individuationis*, or any separate wishing, willing, or thinking. In fact, hatred of the world and misanthropy is carried to its last extreme. This world is represented as a wretched thing, in which living creatures eat up each other, — a scene of unmitigated woe and wretchedness. In the midst of all this, true morality consists in denying one's self and all one's distinct and separate willing and wishing. Asceticism becomes the highest morality, and the highest aim is, at death, wholly to lose one's individuality, and to be absorbed in the general life. However, rather inconsistently, suicide is reprobated as a species of egotism only to be tolerated on the condition of going through the ordeal of starvation. Such, in some of its leading outlines and in popular language, is the system for which its disciples claim future universal dominion. In truth, it is nothing more than a completion of the self-contradictory logical idealism of the German schools, and in its ethical elements a very poor modification of the Buddhism of India. To the reader who would further acquaint himself with the subject, we would specially recommend the tractate of Mr. Bähr. Although written by a partisan, it has the advantage of being lucid and intelligible — qualities these which cannot be predicated of Mr. Seydel, although the latter seems to have been a prize essay. Perhaps both had best be read in conjunction. While on this subject, we may also mention the appearance of a tractate, by Dr. Woysch,<sup>4</sup> on "Materialism and the Christian View of the World." In this essay, the various systems of materialism, which unfortunately seem to be spreading among the lower classes in Germany, are discussed in the light of Christianity. The essay is a first attempt at authorship, and too brief to enter deeply into the question; but it is conceived in an earnest and pious spirit, and, remembering our own tremor on first appearing in print, we cordially welcome Dr. Woysch as a promising fellow-worker in an important field.

As usual, our table is covered with German books, waiting for notice. Among them those of an historical character are the most numerous. On general history, we have the commencement of a comprehensive work, by Dr. Weber,<sup>5</sup> Professor at Heidelberg, from

<sup>4</sup> Der Materialismus u. die Christliche Weltauschaung. Von Dr. Otto Woysch. Mit einen Vorwort von Dr. W. Hoffmann. Berlin: Weigandt u. Grieben. 1857.

<sup>5</sup> Allgemeine Weltgeschichte mit besondrer Berücksichtigung d. Geistes u. Cultur-Lebens d. Völker u. mit Benutzung d. neuern Geschichtlichen Forschung

whose pen we already possess several historical productions. In the publication before us, the religious and political life, as well as the civilization of every nation, are to be traced and discussed. The opening volume is very promising; an excellent introduction gives the great principles of historical study; and valuable notes, on the history of commerce, &c., are appended. When we add that it is conceived in a Christian spirit, recommended by the popularity of the author's former works, and last, though not least, that it is cheap (the proposed ten volumes being under six shillings each), we have said enough to recommend it to notice. One of the most interesting productions which it has of late been our duty to notice, is a Monograph on Henry IV. and his Age, by Mr. Flotto.<sup>6</sup> This work has, indeed, the advantage of treating of the most important period in German history, which decided the after-fate of the empire, and, at the same time, it displays a thoroughness of research and elegance of diction which show that Germany has got another historian in Mr. Flotto. What a noble prince, right imperial, swaying over pope and knight, was Henry III.! His son had similar natural qualities, and had he not been treacherously stolen from his excellent mother, brought up and betrayed for purely selfish purposes, how different would the history of Germany have been! Mr. Flotto derives all the misfortunes of his country from its divided state, and traces the latter to this age. In the first book we have a description of the appearance of the country, of the priesthood, of episcopal cities, of monasteries, peasants, of religious and scientific culture, &c. Italy and France were the great seats of learning; but so scarce were books, that a good prior could truthfully boast that he possessed all the books in the world. There was a kind of free trade in teaching, however, and educational quacks would upset the minds of foolish youths by their lectures. A treatise of Abbot William on natural philosophy, dating from 1080, though somewhat rationalistic, is curious, as showing the common notions then current. The world is likened to an egg. The earth is the yolk, the water the white, the air the skin, and, lastly, the fire the shell of the egg; only that in that altitude it is too fine to burn! The relation between pope and emperor was sadly reversed under Henry IV. What a change had taken place between the time when the Pope beseeches Charlemagne not to ally himself with that "stinking nation," the Longobards, and the Emperor admonishes the Pope evidently as his superior, and the day when Henry IV. does penance barefoot and in the rigour of winter! Spoilt by bad education, harassed by external foes, and betrayed by his own princes, who were too glad to use the Pope as a pretext for their own rebelliousness, the sad history of that promising prince is well known. We cordially recommend it to the attention of students.

für d. gebildeten Stände. Von Dr. G. Weber. 1ter Band. Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 1857.

<sup>6</sup> Kaiser Heinrich d. Vierte u. sein Zeitalter. Von Hartwig Flotto. 2 Bände. Stuttgart u. Hamburg: Rud. Besser. 1857.



A kindred branch of historical inquiry is that into the history of literature, of which we have two specimens before us. Dr. Arnd<sup>7</sup> has the merit of being the first to give a complete history of French literature during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Without committing ourselves to the correctness of all his judgments, we can cordially recommend the book as a valuable contribution,—more valuable, perhaps, if it had fewer philosophic digressions.

Of a different cast is Cholevius's "History of German Poetry,"<sup>8</sup> in which the author views German poetry in its relation to the antique classical element, and arranges it accordingly. The two great phases of German literature, the antique and the romantic, should, according to Cholevius's view, be combined. To us it appears that our author lays too much value upon the antique and heathen element, while, however, we agree with him that the romantic school has too often presented the merest caricatures of life. In modern times, the antique school was founded again by Winkelmann, continued by Herder, and represented by such men as Stollberg, Voss, and Schiller. The latter is styled the German Homer. He generally fails in his representation of women, except when portraying them as suffering and sorrowing. The celebrated song of "Die Glocke," reminds us of the shield of Achilles, in Homer. Often passages from Horace are also recalled. Next we have the period of naturalism, prepared by Goethe, which it need not be said was carried to most unreasonable lengths by his followers. To those who would study German literature in its connexion, we would commend the work of Mr. Cholevius, as a useful auxiliary. Before leaving this subject, we may as well give a passing sentence to three other historical works: Mr. Häusser's "German History from the Death of Frederick the Great,"<sup>9</sup> brings down the record to the formation of the German Federation in 1815. The volume before us (IV.) commences with the so-called Wars of Liberation in 1813. The events of these two years are fully and correctly stated. We have been specially interested with the *exposé* of Russian diplomacy and devices which it affords, and we cordially commend it to attention. Mr. Renmont's "Contributions to Italian History"<sup>10</sup> are interesting essays, based on extensive reading, but vitiated by a popish bias, which continually re-appears. The two volumes before us contain sketches—from the history of the most celebrated Italian families—on the literature of the nineteenth century—from the time of the Reformation—from the lives of Italian artists—on the Great Academy, and others too numerous

<sup>7</sup> Geschichte d. Französischen National-Literatur. Von d. Renaissance bis zu der Revolution. Von Eduard Arnd. 2 Bände. Berlin: Duncker u. Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

<sup>8</sup> Geschichte d. Deutschen Poesie nach ihren Antiken Elementen. Von C. Leo Cholevin. 2 Theile. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1856.

<sup>9</sup> Deutsche Geschichte. Von Todt Friedrich d. Grossen bis zur Gründung d. Deutschen Bundes. Von L. Häusser. 4 Bände. Berlin: Wiedmann. 1857.

<sup>10</sup> Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte. Von Alfred von Renmont. 6 Bände. Berlin: Decker. 1857.

to mention. Mr. Mommsen's "Roman History"<sup>11</sup> lies before us in second edition, and from its ability and comprehensiveness well deserves that honour.

An intermediate position between history, properly so called, and biography, affords those correspondences or portraitures of celebrated men, of which so many now appear in Germany. Among them the correspondence between Gentz and Müller<sup>12</sup> deserves the first place,—two rare specimens of the success of journalists. Müller was born at Berlin in 1779. In 1805, he becomes a Roman Catholic in Vienna, and then successively lectures there, at Dresden, and at Berlin. In 1813, he is a state official, and follows, in that capacity, the Emperor to Paris. We find him next as consul-general, at Leipsic, and as the editor of a political journal. He died in 1829, leaving behind him many valuable political works. Gentz was born at Breslau in 1764, entered the Austrian service, and wrote the protocols at all the great European congresses of his time. He died in 1832. The correspondence between the friends is peculiarly piquant. It not only lets us behind the scenes, and describes the impression made upon cotemporaries by passing events, but gives a picture of their private life. Müller was an enthusiastic Catholic; Gentz now half persuaded, then almost an infidel;—both sufficiently concerned for the *principium individuationis*, and not scorning to enter even on the *minutiæ* of cookery. On the whole, these peeps do not increase our admiration either of that period or of its leading men. It is somewhat characteristic to notice the fear with which Gentz contemplated electricity and thunderstorms. A heroine in a different department was Rachel Levin (by birth a Jewess), whose literary sway Mr. Schmidt-Weissenfels<sup>13</sup> describes in such glowing language. Everybody has heard, or should have heard, of the saloon of Rachel, where in Berlin she held sway over the literature of Germany—herself the great female "Schöngoist" of the Fatherland. She was born in June, 1771, and by her extraordinary conversational and epistolary powers, attracted men of letters around her. Never, perhaps, as when the political power of Germany was at its lowest ebb, did its literature flourish so much. Rachel was an enthusiast. She raved about Goethe, whom, to use her language, she adored. On meeting him she was almost in hysterics. She was the friend of Fichte, Humboldt, and La Motte Fouqué, that German knight-errant. She "brought out" Heine, knew Kleist, and was stirred up by the trenchant language of Börne. In short, she was a literary centre. Her hand and heart she gave to the well-known Varnhagen Ense. We cannot say that we are charmed by her rhapsodies, either in literature or religion. But no doubt the ringletted, blue-eyed, fairy-like genius of the saloon was

<sup>11</sup> Römische Geschichte. Von Theodor Mommsen. 3 Bände. 2te Aufl. Berlin: Weidmann. 1857.

<sup>12</sup> Briefwechsel zwischen Fried. Gentz u. ad. H. Müller, 1800—1829. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1857.

<sup>13</sup> Rachel v. ihre Zeit. Von Eduard Schmidt-Weissenfels. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.

different from the spasmodically painted portrait of Mr. Schmidt. At any rate, she exercised a vast influence; and however, for our own taste, we vastly prefer a Caroline Perthes, we readily bow before the sway of the departed. To complete our literary budget, we may mention a "Collection of Slavonic Fables," by Mr. Wenzig,<sup>14</sup> and one of "Lithuanian Proverbs, Enigmas, and Songs," by Mr. Schleicher,<sup>15</sup>—both interesting and instructive. The latter has a neat musical appendix. Dr. Hermann Felten dedicates a little volume of very well-done poetical translations from our English classics (among them some of Burns)<sup>16</sup> to four well-known literary friends in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin.

In church history we have first and foremost the second volume of Dr. Neander's "History of Dogmas,"<sup>17</sup> of which we shall say the less, that we expect so soon to see it in an English garb. The volume before us is most interesting. It traces the history of dogmas during the Middle Ages and after the Reformation. The history is divided into three periods: the first extending to Gregory VII., or the commencement of scholastic theology; the second embracing the first stage of scholasticism; and the third its close, down to and after the Reformation. The reader, who with us may have felt how superficially and summarily scholasticism is dismissed in general, will be thankful for this contribution from one who could so well distinguish and bring out its characteristic elements. Next in importance are the three volumes of Dr. Heppe on the "Dogmatics of German Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century."<sup>18</sup> The standpoint of the author is sufficiently described by stating that, in opposition to strict Lutheranism and Calvinism, he regards Melancthon as the only genuine representative of Protestantism. The plan of the work is as follows: first, the ancient Protestant dogma, held in common till the Peace of Augsburg, is stated; secondly, it is corroborated by many passages from Protestant writers; thirdly, it is shown how this dogma was set aside by Lutheranism on the one hand, and how, on the other, it developed into the German reformed dogma, and ultimately merged into Reformed theology generally. If we say that this is carried out through the whole range of dogmatics, the reader will gather how much information is compressed into these three volumes; only that it cannot be forgotten that Dr. Heppe sets himself to advocate a certain view. The first dogmatic work of the Reformation were Melancthon's "Lectures on the Romans," afterwards comprised in his

<sup>14</sup> Westslawischer Märchenschertz. Deutsch bearbeitet, von Joseph Wenzig. Leipzig: C. B. Lorek. 1857.

<sup>15</sup> Litanische Märchen, Sprichworte, Rätsel, u. Lieder. Gesammelt u. übersetzt, von August Schleicher. Weimar: H. Böhlau. 1857.

<sup>16</sup> Englische Gedichte, übersetzt, von Dr. Hermann Felten. Aachen, Benrath & Vogelgesang. 1857.

<sup>17</sup> Dr. A. Neander's Christliche Dogmengeschichte. Herausgegeben von Dr. J. L. Jacobi. 2ter Theil. Berlin: Wiegandt u. Grieben. 1857.

<sup>18</sup> Dogmatik d. Deutschen Protestantismus im 16ten Jahrhundert. Von Dr. H. Heppe. 3 Bände. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1857.



"*Loci Communes*." These, however, were only meant to explain the sense of Scripture, and treated of the most important dogmas: such as the Fall, Man's Inability, the Law, the Gospel, Grace, Faith, Justification. Fundamental doctrines, such as the Trinity and the Incarnation, and statements about the Sacraments, were only alluded to in passing. But the controversy with Unitarians and Romanists gave prominence to those points which appeared in the edition of the "*Loci*," of 1535, and still more in that of 1543. If philosophy was formerly reprobated, it is now reinstated, and some use made of the fathers and of the "consent of the church." Still nothing was to be received as dogmas but what contributed to piety, edification, and confirmation; and dogmatics were to be "an edifying treatise." We cannot mention particularly his other works, of which the most notable was an elaboration of *Cruciger's* work on the "*Nicene Symbol*." A similar spirit breathed in the writings of his contemporaries and immediate successors. The first really dogmatic and controversial work of Protestantism was by *Robert Barnes*, chaplain to *Henry VIII.* (one of our martyrs), published at *Wittenberg* in 1536, with a preface by *Bugenhagen*. The most important reformers after *Melancthon* were *Brenz*, the *Swabian* divine, and *Bucer*, who was quite at one with *Melancthon*, only that the *Lutheran* writers regarded theology in its subjective light, so far as it bore on the individual, while *Bucer*, who was a *Calvinist*, viewed it objectively, as bearing on the glory of God. It would require too much space to follow the two churches in their separate development. Reformed theology adopted the analytic, *Lutheran* the synthetic method. Gradually the latter separated from *Melancthon*, and disowned the confession of 1540, clinging to the so-called *Schmalkald* articles of 1537. By-and-bye the *Lutherans* condemned *Melancthon*, until *Chemnitz* made this a criterion of orthodoxy; and *Hutter* even doubted his ultimate salvation. The Reformed Church of Germany was founded in the *Palatinate* in 1562. Its exponent is the *Heidelberg* catechism, and its three great principles are the gracious covenant of God, essential union with Christ, and the perseverance of saints—the latter in preference to *Calvin's* doctrine of predestination. We have said enough to interest the student in *Dr. Heppe's* work.

A monograph on "*Ulrich Zasius*," by *Professor Stinzing*, of *Basle*,<sup>19</sup> is probably more curious than important. *Zasius* was a celebrated lawyer, born at *Constance* in 1461. Early cast upon the world, since his grandfather had otherwise disposed of his goods, considering that the father of our hero would be unable to marry, as he wanted the fingers of the left hand, our *Ulrich* went through the various degrees of official life, advancing, with his popularity, from a professorship with a salary of forty-six florins a-year to one at a hundred. It is interesting to notice how this celebrated jurist

<sup>19</sup> *Ulrich Zasius: Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Rechtswissenschaft im Zeitalter d. Reformation. Von Dr. A. Hintzing, Prof. d. Rechte zu Basel. Basel: Schweighauser. 1857.*

viewed the Reformation. With his friend Erasmus, whom he throughout followed, he first approved of Luther and then drew back. Still the majority in his University of Freiburg were with the reformer; and Zasius sadly complains that his lectures on canon law were nearly empty. Withal, he was a hearty and kind man, who enjoyed life, and in his sixtieth year married a second time, and became the father of seven children. At his table, such men as Eck and Rhegius (both students at Freiburg—the latter boarded with Zasius) met. The volume affords curious glances into university life. At his promotion, an LL.D. rode in state to the church, where he solemnly received book, ring, and hat. On the way sweetmeats were distributed among the people, the whole pageant costing about seventy florins, including the usual wind-up of a feast, with smoking viands and flagons of wine. The Peasants' War in 1525 and the taking of Freiburg decided the old jurist against Luther. He died November 24th, 1535, aged seventy-four.

Holland has this time contributed two historical works: the one, in Dutch, being a promising monograph on "Zwingli," by Dr. Tichler;<sup>20</sup> the other, in excellent German, by Mr. Land.<sup>21</sup> The subject of Mr. Land's tractate is John of Ephesus, the first Syrian ecclesiastical historian. The researches of the author are based on Canon Cureton's "Syriac Edition of the Works of John" (Oxford, 1853). In five sections, the general circumstances of Syrian literature, the historical works of Syria, the biography of John, his method, and the sketch of his history, are traced. John was born in the beginning of the fifth century, and long enjoyed the favour of the Eastern Court. He distinguished himself by converting the heathen in Asia, of whom 70,000 are said to have been baptized by his means. Thus successful, he was employed in similar work at Constantinople. He seems to have proceeded *vi et armis*, advocating that refractory heathens should be thrown to the wild beasts. Apparently, some magistrates also—and they the only honest officials in the city—fell victims. But soon John became Monophysite, and in turn experienced persecution. Irrespective of his peculiar views, his history is valuable. Mr. Land has produced an excellent treatise, and aptly dedicated it to his celebrated teacher, Professor Juynboll, of Leyden. Lastly, on this branch, we have to notice the completion of the late Dr. Gieseler's "Church History," under the editorship of Dr. Redepenning;<sup>22</sup> and a first volume on the "History of Judaism and its Sects," by Dr. Jost.<sup>23</sup> The section of Gieseler before us extends from 1648 to 1814, and bears the same marks of thoroughness and excellency as the other volumes. Dr.

<sup>20</sup> Huldreich Zwingli de Kerkhervormer door J. Tichler, Theol. Doct., Pred. be Leyden. Met twee Platen. 1ste Dell. Utrecht: Keminck & Zoon. 1857.

<sup>21</sup> Johannes, Bischof von Ephesos, d. erste Syrische Kirchenhistoriker. Einleitende Studien, von J. P. N. Land. Leyden: E. J. Brill. 1856.

<sup>22</sup> Lehrbuch d. Kirchengeschichte. Von Dr. J. C. L. Gieseler. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. R. Redepenning. 4ter Band. Bonn: Marcus. 1857.

<sup>23</sup> Geschichte d. Judenthums u. Seiner Secten. Von Dr. J. M. Jost. Erste Abtheilung. Leipzig: Dörffling u. Franke. 1857.

Jost is a well-known Jewish historian, whose honesty and straightforwardness favourably distinguish him. His volume extends to the destruction of the temple under Titus. We have been impressed with his emphatic disavowal of the crucifixion, which he ascribes to a wicked and fanatical section of the Sanhedrim. He also expresses his belief in the historical reality of most of the New Testament history. Students of Jewish history will find the book well deserving their attention, though with us, they would, perhaps, wish to see it a little more extended.

Not exactly historical, but allied to it, are certain works on India and Egypt before us. To the first class belongs Mr. Koeppen's "*Religion of Buddha*."<sup>24</sup> The author first treats of the development in India previous to Buddhism, of the origin of castes, &c., then of the life of Buddha, and, lastly, of Buddhism as a system, of its monks and priests, of its laity and morals, of its worship and contemplation. We have already stated that, like the philosophy of Schopenhauer, it springs from a deep disgust of the world, engendered in those thinking minds who had not found rest in Christ. According to the Vedanta, only Brahma, i.e., pure being, really *exists*; all the world does not exist, save in appearance, and is unreality. Everything, therefore, which appears is destined and intended to return into Brahma, and this constitutes its salvation. On the other hand, the Sankhya denies Brahma, and makes matter and individual souls to be the sole reality. Buddhism goes a step further, and denies not only the creative Brahma, but also eternal matter or nature. It is an atheism, without God and without nature, in which the "*Tohu va Bohu*" occupies the place of Brahma and of eternal nature. The world arises from this emptiness, and everything is empty. Everything that is, or appears to be, is nothing, arose from nothing, and shall become nothing. This vast moral scepticism which, in opposition to the pride of the Brahmins, leads to a complete levelling of all, is, however, not consistent throughout, as it, for example, admits the migration of souls, &c. The highest aim of the Buddhist is to seek annihilation. This is not necessarily attained at death, on account of the migration of souls, but by the extinction of all desires and attachment to being. The four great truths which Buddha preached near Benares, are thus formulated: *Pain, the origin of pain, the annihilation of pain, and the way in which this annihilation is to be attained*. However grateful we feel to Mr. Koeppen for his able contribution, we must express our decided protest against the unwarrantable and frivolous manner in which Christianity is ranked along with the religions of error. From the fertile pen of Dr. Uhlemann we have three works on Egypt. The first of these is entitled "*Three Days in Memphis*."<sup>25</sup> The

<sup>24</sup> Die Religion des Buddha u. ihre Entstehung. Von C. Fr. Koeppen. Berlin: Schneider. London: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

<sup>25</sup> Drei Tage in Memphis. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntniss d. Volks u. Familienlebens d. alten Ägypter. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck u. Ruprecht. 1856.



author wanders in spirit, under the guidance of the god Horus, through the ancient Egyptian capital; and in the garb of an interesting story, describes family and popular life. The second and third treatises form the two first volumes of a comprehensive manual on Egyptian antiquities. Vol. I. is a "History of Egyptian Studies."<sup>26</sup> Probably many of our readers know that two systems divide the learned world on the subject of hieroglyphics. The one, that of Champollion, regards the hieroglyphics as symbols of *ideas*, the other, that of Seyffarth, as *phonetic symbols*. Even the followers of Champollion allow that proper names were written with phonetic hieroglyphics; and both reason and experience seem to point towards the ascendancy of the views of Seyffarth. Dr. Uhlemann has further applied and developed this system, and ranks high as an Egyptian scholar. In another volume the same author gives us the "Archæology of Egypt,"<sup>27</sup> in a manner equally comprehensive and thorough. We could wish to see this volume translated into English. While on the subject of ancient languages, we may mention that Mr. Stier<sup>28</sup> has just supplied a long-felt desideratum, in giving us a "Hebrew Vocabulary for the Use of Schools." The part before us arranges the verbs, giving a full index of them. Of a kindred nature is Dr. Friedlander's "Hebrew Scholæ,"<sup>29</sup>—a useful adjunct for teaching Hebrew to young people. The Oriental scholar will be interested in the appearance of Rabbi Jehuda Ben Kareish's "Hebrew Epistle on the Use of the Targum," with an able Hebrew biography, by Mr. Goldberg.<sup>30</sup> Of Greek grammars we have a Latin elaboration of Winer's "New Testament Grammar," by no less a person than Mr. Beelen,<sup>31</sup> an honorary chamberlain of Pio Nono, and professor at Louvain. The work is mainly a reproduction of the German, with a few omissions and additions. In the first sheets the accents are omitted; and we must rest satisfied with the author's assurance, to the effect that the reason of this is not important to the reader.

In exegetics, the first place is due to the continuation of the late Dr. Drechsler's "Commentary on Isaiah," by Drs. Delitzsch and Hahn.<sup>32</sup> We may congratulate the theological world that this great work is at last finished. In the part before us, Dr. Hahn comments on chap. xl. to the end: dividing these prophecies into

<sup>26</sup> <sup>26</sup> Handbuch d. Gesammten Ägyptischen Alterthamskunde. 1ster Theil—Geschichte d. Ägyptologie. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

<sup>27</sup> Ägyptische Archäologie. Von Dr. Max Uhlemann. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

<sup>28</sup> Hebräisches Vocabularium zum Schulgebrauch. Zusammengestellt von G. Stier. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1857.

<sup>29</sup> Scholæ Hebraicæ Minores. Curavit Dr. C. A. Friedländer. Fasc. I. Berlin: Springer. 1857.

<sup>30</sup> R. Jehuda Ben Kareish: Epistola de Stadii Targum Utilitate. Ediderunt J. J. L. Barges et D. B. Goldberg. Paris: Duprat. 1857.

<sup>31</sup> Grammatica Græcitatæ Novi Testamenti, quam ad G. Wineri ejusdem argumenti librum. Composuit J. Th. Beelen. Louvain: Fontyn. 1857.

<sup>32</sup> Der Prophet Jesaja. Uebersetzt u. erklärt von Dr. M. Drechsler. Nach d. Tode Drechsler fortgesetzt u. vollendet von Dr. F. Delitzsch u. Dr. A. Hahn. 3 Theile. Berlin: Schlawitz. 1857.

three times nine addresses, each consisting again of three times three. Delitzsch adds a few concluding remarks, in which he occasionally dissents from Hahn. Delitzsch divides the prophecies in the following manner: 1. Chaps. i. to vi., The Hardening; 2. Chaps. vii. to xii., Immanuel; 3. Chaps. xiii. to xxiii., Judgment and Salvation of the Heathen; 4. Chaps. xxiv. to xxvii., The General Judgment of the World; 5. Chaps. xxviii. to xxxiii., The Apostacy of Ashur and its consequences; 6. Chaps. xxxiv. and xxxv., The Judgment of the World; 7. Chap. xxxvi. to xxxix., The Fall of Ashur. Then in the following three sections: 1. Chaps. xl. to xlviii., Deliverance of Israel from Babylon and Destruction of Idols; 2. Chaps. xlix. to lvii., The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ—Israel fulfils its Great Calling for the World; 3. Chaps. lviii. to lxvi., Climax, showing the Future Glory. The commentary is thoroughly orthodox, and as able as we would expect from those who had written it. The only other commentary which we shall notice, is that on "Esther," by Dr. Nickes, a Benedictine monk, at Rome.<sup>33</sup> A Biblical commentary by a monk, written at Rome, dedicated to the Cardinal, Chief of the Congregation of the Index, and printed by the Propaganda—will the reader expect a religious or a scientific work? We assure him he will find neither. A wordy and unmeaning congeries of dissertations, pedantic, laboured, and trifling.

On the subject of theology, properly so called, we have a new edition, by Dr. Krabinger, of St. Ambrose's book on the "Duty of the Clergy,"<sup>34</sup>—an excellent edition, furnished with good annotations, which form the larger portion of the volume. Similarly we have a treatise, by Dr. Lisco,<sup>35</sup> on the "Dogmatics of the well-known Theologia Germanica," followed by a brief but good sketch of the "History of Mysticism to the time of Luther." A neat and useful work this. Dr. Lechler writes a book on the "New Testament Doctrine of the Ministry, with special reference to the present Political State of the Lutheran Church."<sup>36</sup> The author treats, first, of the institution of the kingdom of God; next, of that of the ministry; then, of its various degrees in apostolic and in our days; lastly, of the qualifications for it, of ordination, and of clerical duties. The book contains much that is valuable, but is fearfully Lutheran and priestly. The writer believes in the supremacy of Peter, that ordination is a sacrament, that the Holy Spirit is given in it, that the priest does officially communicate blessings and what not.

<sup>33</sup> De Estheræ libro et ad eum quæ pertinent vaticiniis et Psalmis, libri tres quos scripsit D. Joannes Aus. Nickes. Pars prior. Romæ: typis S. C. de Propaganda Fide. 1856.

<sup>34</sup> S. Ambrosii: Episcopi Mediol. de Officiis Ministrorum. Libri III. cum Paulini libello de Vita S. Ambrosii. Recognovit et Illustravit J. G. Krabinger. Tübingen: Laupp. 1857.

<sup>35</sup> Die Heilslehre d. Theologia Deutsch nebst einen auf sie bezüglichen Abreiser d. Christl. Mystik bis auf Luther. Von Dr. F. G. Lisco. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1857.

<sup>36</sup> Die Neubestennentliche Lehre vom heil. Amte in ihren Grundlagen. Dargestellt u. auf d. bestehenden Rechtsverhältnisse. d. Evang. Luther. Kirche Deutschlands. Angewendet, von Dr. K. Lechler. Stuttgart: Steinkopf. 1857.

Lastly, Pastor Ehmann collects and reprints Œtinger's "Sermons."<sup>37</sup> It is well known that this celebrated Wurtemberg divine was a Theosophic Mystic, distinguished not only for his faithfulness and popularity, but for introducing the knowledge of Swedenborgianism into Germany, and doing stout battle against Semmler. We have no doubt this divine was useful in his time, but we cannot see what good purpose the republication of his sermons can serve. In these circumstances, generally, the husks are taken, and the kernel is left.

We would fain not part on theological, but on secular ground. Has the reader ever heard of Caspar Hauser whom Professor Eschricht, of Copenhagen, introduces once more, first to a Danish, and then to a German audience?<sup>38</sup> It will be remembered that one day in 1828, an apparently idiotic lad was found in the streets of Nuremberg, who, from the mystery that hung over his parentage, and his imperfect mental development soon attracted attention. Police officials questioned him in due form, professors examined him, a royal commission was appointed to investigate his history, and last though not least, Lord Stanhope adopted him. The excitement of the people reached its climax, when it was circulated that his life was attempted. Armed soldiers now guarded him day and night. He was declared to be a son of Napoleon, or at least some unknown and ill-used prince. At last he actually fell, whether by his own hand or another's, it was never ascertained. Since then, opinions have been pretty unanimous in representing him as a half-witted boy, purposely exposed by unfeeling parents. The whole story well exhibited the want of practical sense among our German friends, and this somewhat tedious book is none less a confirmation of it. We close the year's review by mentioning that Gregorovius has attempted to show that Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" contains the germ of all socialistic elements.<sup>39</sup> For ourselves, whatever we thought of the ability, we never admired the tendency of the book. To the reader who wishes to peruse an able and well-done *résumé* of present events and persons, we cordially recommend Brokhaus's "Supplement to the Conversations-Lexicon,"<sup>40</sup> of which seven other numbers lie on our study table.

<sup>37</sup> Des Württembergischen Prälaten F. C. Œtinger sämtliche Predigten, zum ersten Male vollständig gesammelt. Von K. Ch. E. Ehmann. Rentlingen: Rupp u. Barr. 5 Bände. 1857.

<sup>38</sup> Unverstand u. schlechte Erziehung. Vier populäre Vorlesungen über Kaspar Hauser. Von Dr. D. F. Eschricht, Professor zu Kopenhagen. Berlin: Decker. 1857.

<sup>39</sup> Goethe's Wilhelm Meister in seinen socialistischen Elementen entwickelt. Von Ferd. Gregorovius, Schwäb. Halle: Fischhaber. 1855.

<sup>40</sup> Unsere Zeit. Jahrbuch zum Conversations-Lexicon. Heft II.—VIII. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.



## Brief Notices.

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BRITISH LAND BIRDS. Pp. 282. London: Religious Tract Society. 1857.

WE have not seen any book belonging to general literature published by the Religious Tract Society, which has given us so much pleasure as the volume before us, and we recommend it most cordially to our juvenile readers. The compiler is evidently not only well acquainted with the best works on the subject, but is himself an observer of that interesting class of the animal creation which he describes. The book abounds with curious and entertaining anecdotes. The engravings are extremely well executed; the attitudes of the birds are most true to nature; and we cannot bestow higher praise than to say, that on looking at them, we thought them scarcely inferior to the workmanship of Thomas Bewick, in that chosen companion of our boyhood, his "British Birds."

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LABOUR AND LIVE: a Story. By the Author of "Blenham." London: Wm. Freeman. 1857.

THE author of "Blenham" has succeeded in weaving a second story no less interesting than the first. The mystery of the plot in "Labour and Live" is well sustained to the last, whilst the characters are vividly and naturally drawn. The gloomy and reserved spirit of Mr. Heatheote, tempered by his lurking affection for his son and devoted attachment to the memory of the past; the innocent wildness of the "Child of Solitude;" Aunt Deborah, the cheerful yet the suffering; the subdued Mrs. Norton; the gay young folk who give the tone and brightness to this picture of life, and for whom the *dénouement* is arranged and brought about—all cleverly portrayed—show that Mr. Elliott is master of some of the best elements of story-telling. The present tale is healthy in its tone, and points many a moral which the world would do well to learn. Throughout the narrative there runs a harmless current of satire, which gives an agreeable zest to the conversations, and is in good keeping with the character of those who use this generally dangerous weapon.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF WESTERN TEXAS: Descriptive and Narrative (including an Indian campaign). By Two of the U.S. Mounted Rifles. London: Cash & Co. 1857.

THIS is the narrative of two young men who served nearly four years in the U.S. Mounted Rifles, against the frontier Indians of Texas, and who found upon their return to their native country a third person ready to clothe their adventures and experience in appropriate language, and give them a form and address fitted for public presentation. The most interesting portions of the work are those devoted to a description of the climate and scenery, natural productions, zoology, and inhabitants of this wild and beautiful,

though comparatively little known country. It is now several years since Texas was regarded as a favourable region for emigration; yet there are still living many families who rue the hour when they were first tempted to quit England for that productive and ill-regulated state. Not only is the Indian hostile to the new settlers; the dangerous insects of every kind which swarm in this delectable climate war against his peace, and make it anything but a desirable abiding-place. Of course, as the hand of man cultivates the soil, and uproots the mighty forests that abound there, and drains the heavy swamps that breed the noxious vermin and create disease, these disadvantages will gradually vanish; and then, probably, no country will be better adapted for colonization, or repay more profitably the care and the toil of the husbandman. We cannot enter into a description of the adventures of the two brothers. The reader will find, however, much that is amusing and instructive in "Recollections of Western Texas."

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A KEY TO THE ADULTERATION OF OUR DAILY FOOD; Compiled from the Evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons in the years 1855-56. By William Dalton. London: Marlborough & Co. 1857.

Those who have not had the opportunity or leisure to run through the minutes of evidence published by the committee appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the question of the adulteration of food, will find Mr. Dalton's book a convenient and useful compendium. "Adulteration," says Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, "I find to prevail in nearly all articles that it will pay to adulterate." And what articles, we may venture to ask, that constitute a substance for food, will not pay for adulteration? A cheap substitute, we believe, may be found for everything that we eat or drink. It is the bane of society that we live in a state so dependent upon the honesty and caprice of unscrupulous persons; and when we read the accounts of the manner in which our most essential food is corrupted, we might with reason exclaim, "There is death in the pot." However, we have the consolation that if there are to be found persons who wilfully adulterate our food, there are also scientific chemists who can detect the fraud, and thus, in a measure, protect society.

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SCRIPTURE STUDIES; or, Expository Readings in the Old Testament. With an Appendix. By Rev. G. S. Drew, M.A.

This volume is very similar to the preceding—similar in its object, and not unlike in its execution. Both for its matter and tone, we can cordially recommend it to all readers who take interest in such subjects.

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ADOLPHE MONOD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE CHURCH. Translated from the French. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co. 1857.

WHEN we have said that this farewell consists of a series of addresses delivered by the illustrious French preacher, during the last six months of his life, to friends standing around his bed-side, we shall have said enough to excite the deepest interest in the book. From

the preface we gather that M. Monod "resolved to partake of the Lord's Supper every Sunday, and to admit a few friends to partake of it with him." Such was the origin and the occasion of these addresses. They — twenty-five in all — embrace a wide range of subjects, the concluding one of which is "God is love." What could have been more appropriate than this last testimony of the dying servant of God? Richest Christian sentiment, the most profound submission, and the most exalted faith, are blended with the deepest tenderness and feeling, throughout these discourses, indicating a mind that was "meetened for the inheritance of the saints in light." We trust that many will derive consolation from the last words of Adolphe Monod, who "being dead, yet speaketh." Of the translation we cannot say anything, as we have not had an opportunity of comparing it with the original.

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SUCH IS LIFE: Sketches and Poems. By Double-You. London: Samuel Eyre. 1857.

MANY persons will purchase this book for the sake of the cover and frontispiece, drawn by-the-bye by Robert Dudley, rather than for the merits of the tales and versification within. Double-You is not only an unskillful story-teller, but is at the same time miserably prosaic in his style—a style infinitely different from that of Mr. Charles Dickens, to whom the hundred and sixty pages are dedicated by permission.

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A MANUAL OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. By Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

THE object of the author in these pages is to adopt a middle course—to give in his own words a brief Scriptural history, and accompany the same with remarks instructive and useful, though not too elaborate, explanatory of many of the peculiarities which meet us in the sacred narrative. The work may be profitably studied by young persons, and is, therefore, suitable for schools and private families. The principal value of such a work, when well written, is, that it gives freshness and novelty to familiar scenes, making the reader feel almost as if he were perusing a new history. It is not unlike studying the Bible in a new language, which continually suggests ideas that did not strike us in the old familiar version of our childhood.

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THE OLD BACHELOR OF THE OLD SCOTTISH VILLAGE. By Thomas Aird. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. William Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

SOME of the descriptions of Scottish scenery and character in this little volume are exquisitely fine. That Mr. Aird is a poet, his prose demonstrates. But some of the tales are so wild, and the tragic element so largely preponderates in the book, that we have our doubts as to its healthy tendency. Even we, accustomed as we are to all sorts of writings, have shuddered at two or three of these dark tales. A proof of the author's dramatic power, but a proof, also, that the multiplication of such books would hardly be a blessing to the country.



## Books Received.

- Adeline: Mysteries and Realities of Jewish Life. (Run and Read Lib.) 293 pp. Simpkin & Co.  
 Aird's (Thos.) Old Bachelor of the Old Scottish Village. 2nd edit., 323 pp. Blackwood & Sons.  
 Alexander on the Acts of the Apostles. Vols. I. & II. Nisbet.  
 Alexander's (Rev. Thos., M.A.) New Year's Address to S. S. Teachers. 16 pp. S. S. Union.  
 American Monthly. No. I., November. Tribner & Co.  
 Anti-Slavery Advocate, for November. Wm. Tweedie.  
 Aveling's (Rev. Thos.) England's Faults and India's Claims. 16 pp. Judd & Glass.  
 Buchanan's (Robt. W.) Poems and Love-Lyrics. 146 pp. Glasgow: Murray & Son.  
 Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition. Part VI. Kent & Co.  
 Cassell's (John) Illustrated Almanac for 1858. Kent & Co.  
 Chapeltown, or the Fellow-Students. 192 pp. Ward & Co.  
 Christian Errors Infidel Arguments: Seven Dialogues. 372 pp. Edinburgh: Elliot.  
 Churches, sects, and Religious Parties. 337 pp. Dolman.  
 Clark (Rev. Jas.) Outlines of Theology. Vol. II., 433 pp. Ward & Co.  
 Cobbin's (J. I.) Chants for Congregations and Sunday Schools. 24 pp. Sunday School Union.  
 Cole's (Alfred W.) Lorimer Littlegood. Parts V. and VI. James Blackwood.  
 Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XIII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.  
 Congregational Pulpit, for November. Judd & Glass.  
 Conscience's (Hendrick) Demon of Gold. 226 pp. Wm. Lay, King William Street, Strand.  
 Cousin's (William) The Two Cities: New Year's Parable for Sunday Scholars. 16 pp. S. S. Union.  
 Craik's (Georgiana M.) Riverston. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Darling's (James) Cyclopædia Bibliographica. Subjects: Part II. Darling, 81, Gt. Queen Street.  
 Ellis's (Wm.) Religion in Common Life. 470 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Fitzhugh (Fras.) Curse of Schamyl; and other Poems. 119 pp. Sutherland & Knox.  
 Fraser's Magazine, for November. Jno. W. Parker & Son.  
 Freitag's Debit and Credit (with preface by Chev. Bunsen). 2 vols. Constable.  
 Gathered Gems from Orations of Edward Irving. 208 pp. Jas. Nisbet & Co.  
 Glendenning's (Rev. Jno.) Fast-Day Sermon. 16 pp. Jackson & Walford.  
 Homilist, for November. Ward & Co.  
 Houlist. Vol. VI. Ward & Co.  
 Hutton's (Jas.) A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch. 405 pp. Longmans.  
 Irving's Catechism of General Knowledge. New edit., 124 pp. Aylott & Co.  
 Jewish Chronicle, for November. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.  
 Jewitt's (Llewellyn) Antennæ; and other Poems. 159 pp. Longmans.  
 John H. Steggall: a Real History of a Suffolk Man. 312 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Keil and Bertheau's Commentaries on Kings and Chron. 2 vols., pp. 450 & 463. T. & T. Clark.  
 Leisure Hour, for November. Religious Tract Society.  
 Lewis's (Richd.) Our Life-Boat. 24 pp. Roy. Nat. Life-boat Association.  
 Liberator, for November. Houlston & Wright.  
 Lisle's (Anna) Almost, or Crooked Ways: a Tale. 269 pp. Groombridge & Sons.  
 Livingstone's (Dr.) Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa. 688 pp., maps, &c. Murray.  
 London University Magazine, for November. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.  
 Marsh's (Rev. E. G., M.A.) Second Essay on Divorce. 24 pp. Nisbet.  
 Meek's (Rev. Robt., M.A.) Memorials of Ensign A. M. H. Cheek. 79 pp. Nisbet.  
 Metropolis of the Water-Cure: Malvern, &c. 204 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.  
 Murray's (P. J.) Life of John Banim, the Irish Novelist. 334 pp. Wm. Lay.  
 Normandy's (Lord) Year of Revolution in Paris. 2 vols. Longmans.  
 Notes on Scripture Lessons, for January, 1858. 26 pp. Sunday School Union.  
 Notes on Scripture Lessons, for 1857. 282 pp. Sunday School Union.  
 Onesimus. Papers for the People. No. II.: Reading-Books—Best Book. Judd & Glass.  
 Our Home Islands: their Natural Features. 318 pp. Religious Tract Society.  
 Patagonian Mission: Brief Reply to Charges of W. Parker Snow. Bristol: Chilcott.  
 Petherick's (Rev. I.) Essay on the Atonement. 255 pp. Bath: Binns & Goodwin.  
 Phillips's (Dr. P. L.) Principles of Agriculture, especially Tropical, &c. 203 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Presbyterian Liturgies: with Specimens of Forms of Prayer for Public Worship. 57 pp. Macphail.  
 Psalms and other portions of Scripture for Chanting. 40 pp. Sunday School Union.  
 Pupil-Teacher. Nos. 1, 2, 3. G. J. Stevenson.  
 Quatrefages's (A. de) Rambles of a Naturalist. 2 vols., pp. 355 & 375. Longmans.  
 Reed's (E. J.) Corona; and other Poems. 130 pp. Longmans.  
 Revue Chrétienne, for November. No. XI. Paris: Ch. Meyrenis et Cie.  
 Ritchie's (J. Ewing) The London Pulpit. 2nd edit., 236 pp. Wm. Tweedie.  
 Royle's (Dr J. Forbes) Cotton Culture: Review of Indian Measures. 104 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Serjeant's (Rev. J. F.) New Year's Address to Parents. 16 pp. Sunday School Union.  
 Shipley's (Rev. Orby, M.A.) Purgatory of Prisoners. 150 pp. Joseph Masters.  
 Sinclair (Cath.) Torchester Abbey, or Cross Purposes. (Run and Read Lib.) 431 pp. Simpkin & Co.  
 Stovel's (Rev. C.) India: its Crimes and Claims. 31 pp. Jackson & Walford.  
 Sunday at Home, for December. Religious Tract Society.  
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